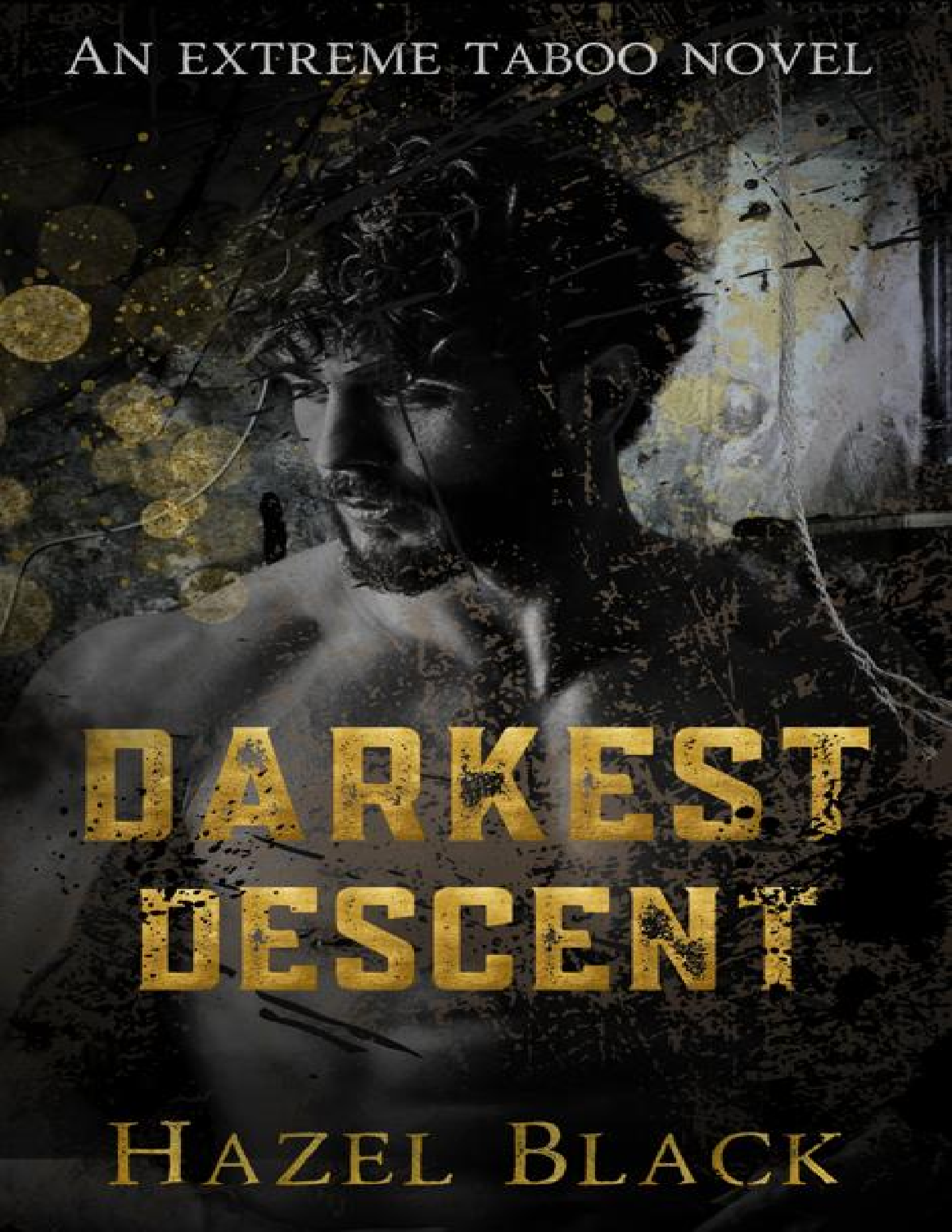
AN EXTREME TABOO NOVEL



DARKEST DESCENT

HAZEL BLACK

Darkest Descent

Hazel Black

OceanofPDF.com

Copyright © 2024 by Hazel Black

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except as permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, contact Hazel Black or S.B. Hazel at sbhazelauthor@gmail.com.

The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this production are fictitious. No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places, buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.

Book Cover by Hazel Black

Cover Image by behrouz sasani

First edition 2024

OceanofPDF.com

Contents

Please read me, I'm delicious
Dedication
Prologue
1. 1
2. 2
3. 3
4. 4
5. 5
6. 6
7. 7
8. 8
9. 9
10. 10
11. 11
12. 12
13. 13
14. 14

15. 15
16. 16
17. 17
18. 18
19. 19
20. 20
21. 21
22. 22
23. 23
24. 24
25. 25
26. 26
27. 27
28. 28
29. Epilogue
Afterword
Acknowledgements
Also by Hazel

OceanofPDF.com

Please read me, I'm delicious

Hello beautiful lovelies!

We all know what we're getting into here, if you've picked this book up you know it's a brother/sister incest. And it's full-blooded, full TWINCEST. If you happen to have wandered in not knowing that, and it makes you uncomfortable, please put the book back down!

This is by far the darkest book I've ever written, with full-blown torture that I almost had to look away from as I was writing it (which, let me tell you, is tricky business). So please be mindful of that. I've included a list of trigger warnings below, which you can choose to ignore or study closely. Some of it is a little spoilery, but I believe in full transparency if a reader needs it! So here you are, have at it if you need to:

Brother/Sister Incest, Twincest, Omorashi, Non-Con, Rape (differentiated by the tone of the scene), Dub-Con, Coercion/ Sexual Coercion, Kidnapping, Extreme Sexual Torture/ Genital Torture, Extreme Torture, Dismemberment, Eye Removal/ Eye Injury, Suicide Ideation/ Thoughts of Death, Death/ Violence, Double Anal Penetration (Non-Con), BDSM (Non-Con), Needle Torture, Water Sports, Bodily Fluid Consumption, Felching, Snowballing, Creampies, Face Sitting, Boot Licking, Forced Enema, Pretend Necrophilia, Attempted Suicide, Child Abuse by a Parent,

MF, MM, MMF **I wouldn't consider this a 'trigger' warning, but rather a content one – in case threesomes or MM aren't your thing*

OceanofPDF.com

Dedication

*To my keyboard, even when I had to look away from what I was writing (*ahem needles ahem*), the words still came out making some semblance of sense.*

OceanofPDF.com

Prologue

A perfect fucking family.

Twins with matching smiles and dead eyes. A father with many a dark secret kept well hidden from the world, and a wife who didn't give a fuck as long as she had her manicure and a martini. The perfect family made me sick.

They were my obsession, my desire. I'd been watching them for months now, lurking in their shadows, in the corners of their lives, stalking through the dark while I waited for my perfect moment. And fuck, it was getting closer.

Because the bastard needed to suffer. The man, avoiding his wheelchair in the corner of the room, wobbling on unsteady legs as he stroked a hand down the back of his wife's hair, needed more than death, more than despair. And I'd been planning it for a long fucking time.

The twins were going to be mine. They were going to suffer just for being his, for living a good fucking life under his wealth and their ignorance. They were my path to redemption and freedom from him. He would endure their torment, dreading each agonizing moment as if it were their last. The girl, with dark hair flowing down her back and an unmatched stupidity to what her family really was. The boy, who walked like he was bruised, but hid it well. I wondered if he suffered like I did.

My cock thickened in my pants as I observed another of their Sunday night dinners before the twins left for another week of college. Another week of freedom away from their parents.

The girl bit her lip, furrowed her brow, as she watched her brother sink into his chair gingerly. She whispered something to him and he shook his head. I'd never managed to get sound in the house, so I had to just guess she was asking if he was okay. His lying nod made me yank my cock free and squeeze it.

They were just as fucked up as their parents; they had to be. I'd witnessed their sadness when they thought no one could see. And imagining all the fucked up things coming their way had me desperate to cum, to paint the outside of their garish mansion with even more of my DNA. Fuck, it was going to be beautiful.

I jerked myself, running my fist up and down my shaft at the sight of their quiet pain. The awkwardness of their dinner, the way the staff moved around them without interacting, the food, made by a faceless chef almost all untouched on their plates. They were filthy. Disgusting.

And the two youngest were destined to be mine.

I came hard to the image of both of them dead, their bodies destroyed by my hand as their father sobbed. Vacant eyes, gray skin, cum-splattered.

I couldn't fucking wait.

OceanofPDF.com

1

Alice

I SUCKED IN A lungful of chilly air, spilling from my parent's house with my brother at my side. He was quiet beside me, stiffer than usual, like something was wrong. But when I bugged him to make him tell me, he wouldn't. Every time I asked, he looked uncomfortable and ignored me.

We'd always been close. Liked each other, shared the same friends and never argued beyond petty bickering. But lately, he'd been closing off from me. When I nudged him and he only gave me a weak smile, I sighed.

"That was more awkward than usual," I commented as I slammed the front door closed a little too hard and we continued down the driveway to the car. Mother insisted we park outside the gate, because Asher's vehicle was a piece of junk he'd bought for himself after working evenings in a cafe. He hated using our parents' money for anything. More so the older he got. It took a lot of persuading by me for him to let them pay for his college education.

"Agreed," Asher huffed, his voice gruff.

Neither of our parents had walked us to the door. They considered their parental obligation complete once the chef-prepared food was placed in front of us once a week. We had to stay with them on Saturdays, eat with them through Sunday night, then we could fuck off back to our lives. Neither of them appeared to enjoy our company, but they paid our bills -

despite how much it annoyed Asher, we were at college because they paid for it. They hung their wealth over our heads like a noose, always a threat to use it for our benefit or detriment. And it was beginning to seem more of a detriment, based on how low Asher always was afterwards. It took him days to recover, then the dread of the next incoming weekend began to weigh on him.

Asher and I huddled together, him tucking me under his arm when I shivered at the sounds of animals rustling in the bushes. Or wind. It must just be the wind. But I imagined little creatures with glowing eyes staring at us and it creeped me out.

I loved our parents, I did, but they were cold, distant. Always had been. It was a big relief come Sunday night when we could walk away for another week.

The gate opened, and we walked through, waving at the camera to say goodbye to the staff who were manning it. Asher held the car door open for me, looking all over while I settled into the passenger seat. He was on edge tonight. I watched him hurry around the car, noting the way he winced when he thought I couldn't see. He was in pain somewhere. When we were eating, he kept glancing out the window with a furrowed brow and twitched whenever someone touched him. He recoiled from Dad when he patted him on the back, then scrunched his face up in what looked like fear or some sort of anguish. It bothered me so much that I didn't know. Something was wrong, and I hated that he wouldn't tell me.

"Are you going to talk to me?" I asked Asher when he started the car and pulled away. Thick, heavy trees lined the street, making that eerie sensation sink even deeper. We had a thirty-minute drive in silence if he didn't fucking say something.

He shook his head and looked back through the rearview mirror.

There was a single car driving behind us, the headlights shining too bright, the glare reflecting on the mirrors. But it was keeping its distance, following at a safe gap. Still, Asher remained on edge, his eyes drifting to the mirrors every other second, shifting his weight in his seat.

"Fine," I huffed when he still said nothing, turning the radio on, settling back to the sounds of a late night DJ – some crappy soft-rock I started singing along to. The kind of music everyone knows the words to, but no one remembers how or why.

Asher turned it off. "Don't," he said.

I rolled my head on my seat to look at him with my biggest puppy dog eyes. “You either need to tell me what’s wrong, or you gotta listen to me sing. I know what I’d choose.” I sang the last few words like shit on purpose, making my voice crack and break.

Asher’s face broke into a reluctant smile, and he flashed me his warm eyes before returning them to the road. We shared those eyes, big and expressive, but they looked so much better on him. I always felt bug-eyed, but on him, it was handsome.

“Fuck, you drive a hard bargain, little one,” he laughed.

“I’m older than you,” I spat back, falling with ease into our lifelong banter. At ten years old, that extra five minutes made all the difference.

“I’m taller,” was his typical response. So I gave him a gentle whack on the arm and the tension broke between us a fraction. Since he shot up and over me by over a foot when we were fourteen, he called me his little sister. It always brought him joy to see my irritation. Eight years later and it still worked.

I encouraged him to share with my eyes burning into him, and he loosed a long sigh at last. “Just something in the air tonight. I can’t really explain it.”

“Liar.”

The car following us came up closer, and Asher drifted to the side to let it go by, but it slowed down again, staying behind, but still a tiny bit too close. “Weird,” Asher muttered. “Mustn’t want to pass.”

“Asher…” I encouraged, ignoring the car.

A minute passed in silence and he turned the radio back on. I didn’t make good on my promise to sing our way home. Instead, I grumbled and stared out the window, watching the darkness zoom by. Eventually, the car behind us fell away, not appearing again after we went round a bend in the road.

Still, Asher didn’t tell me anything more, and dropped me off at my dorm with a squeeze of my arm and a whispered goodnight. I watched him go, his car turning the corner at the end of the building just a moment later. I kept hoping he would turn round and jump out, spilling what was wrong so I could help him through it. But disappointed and shivering, I turned to get into the building, fighting my low mood because he hadn’t opened up. He’d closed up on me bit by bit for months now, and I hated it. We had always been inseparable, so this didn’t seem natural.

Headlights lit me up as I reached the door, slipping the key in the lock and stepping inside. It was rare for there to be any other cars on the road at

this time of night, so I watched it for a moment, seeing if I recognized it. I had a few friends in this dorm, but it kept going.

Asher's unsettled feeling washed over me, and I was glad to be behind a closed door as the night's darkness seemed to suffocate the world. I needed to find out what was up with my brother and help him fix it.

But first, I wanted to wash away the weekend with my parents and get to fucking sleep.

"I DID NOT!" MY friend, Jasper, shrieked, flailing his hand out and sloshing his drink.

We were in a busy bar, myself, Jasper and three more of our friends, all halfway to wasted, and almost fully exhausted. It was only a Monday night, but we'd all got out of a long lecture and needed a beer. Hours later, we hadn't left the bar.

"You so did!!" another friend yelled back, laughing like a loon at Jasper's mock-angry expression. I didn't pay much attention to what they were bickering about, though, because Asher wasn't answering my texts. I even tried to call him, and nothing. It was so unlike him to ignore me, and it had my concerns firing off and making my belly ache. Especially after last night, his strange behavior and standoffishness.

He was supposed to be here. Well, I'd invited him as we walked from the lecture hall, and he never turned me down. We were always together when we could be. It was weird. And after yesterday, when he'd brushed me off, I wasn't ready to let him off the hook. I tried calling his phone again and wanted to scream when it rang out for the twentieth time.

The bad vibe in my gut rooted deeper, curdling with the beer and wine in my stomach. I needed another.

Ignoring my friend's argument, I left the table and weaved my way to the bar. For a Monday, it was heaving with people. College students, mostly, but I did note the odd older person in stuffy office wear, frowning at all the sweaty twenty-somethings taking up all the space.

"Hey, sexy," one man said, coming up to me with a sloppy mouth and a stain down his front. I recognized him from one of the frats and rolled my eyes. He was here a lot, causing a ruckus and hitting on everyone.

“Hi,” I replied, to be polite, but my mouth was tight. I just wanted another fucking drink, not to be hit on by a man so drunk he couldn’t see how disinterested I was.

“Wanna kiss my cheek?” he asked, patting his face, jabbing his nose and his chin. He might have been charming if he didn’t stink of a stale distillery. “For a bet. Need a—”

“No thanks!” I yelled over the music, pushing through the crowd a little more to get closer to the bar. But a hand wrapped around me and tugged me back, making me yelp and stumble. The drunken frat dude had me in his grip, tight enough that it hurt. “Let go!” I yanked, but his fingers dug in deeper.

“Kiss me first,” he slobbered in return, lunging for me.

I shrieked and jumped out of the way, gasping when he fell into the crowd beside me, getting swallowed up by other sweaty bodies. For good, I hoped. Creep.

“You okay?” a man asked when I reached the bar, and I turned, ready to roll my eyes at him too, but a warm gaze waited for me, staring curiously. He was handsome, his smile charming and the wrinkle between his brow endearing. “I saw what he was trying to do. Was about to step in, but you more than had it handled.” He flashed a grin, and my stomach fluttered. I leaned on the bar and smiled back.

“Thank you, it’s all good though,” I replied, my hands flying to my hair to fluff it up, growing self-conscious of my disheveled appearance. “He was just a harmless drunk.”

The man nodded. “A lot of them around, unfortunately.”

“At least they’re harmless. Harmful drunks would be much worse. Or just harmful, sober people.” I winced at my words, but my throat thickened as the man’s gaze darkened a fraction, something shuddering over before he blinked away. That little niggling instinct in my gut shifted, and I tried not to sigh.

He nodded and nudged his arm against mine. “Can I buy you a drink?” he asked, his eyes intense on me.

The ball in my throat grew, but I ignored it. I was on edge because of Asher, that was all. And that annoying drunk. No sense in assuming everyone is a creep. But…

“No thank you,” I replied, smiling through my discomfort. “I’ll get my own.”

The handsome man gave an amicable nod, but I noticed more tension in his jaw as we both looked away to flag down the bartender's attention.

I was looking in the opposite direction from the man, deciding whether to have a small or large wine, when hot breath ghosted over my ear, and a heavy hand landed on my ass, squeezing hard. "If you let me buy you a drink, I'll let you suck my cock in the bathroom," the scumbag of a man — no longer handsome — whispered, licking his tongue into my ear. I balked, recoiling away as my instincts proved correct. Creep. Never far from a creep.

Turning to him with shock on my face, I shoved him off me with all my might. "Get the fuck off me, you ass," I shouted, incredulous that I'd run into yet another lowlife in such fast succession. Something must be in the damn water tonight. All my instincts were firing, confused.

"Ah, it'll be nice!" he yelled as I weaved my way through the crowd, shoving and fighting against sweaty bodies until I was clear away from him. My heart was pounding as I settled right at the end of the bar and got the bartenders' attention, ordering an extra large red wine.

Panic tickled at me. It felt as if all eyes were on me, like the world was closing in as I tried to just move through life. For a long time now, I'd felt watched. I'd grown used to the sensation of it, so much so it was almost a comfort. Like I was never really alone. When I spoke to Asher about it, or my friends, they told me I was nuts.

But in that moment, it grew more intense, like there was a monster at my back.

Or one with his hands on my ass.

As a hand squeezed my backside, I saw red.

OceanofPDF.com

2

Alice

OH, IT WAS DAMN satisfying when the scarlet liquid splashed all over the asshole's face. Even, or maybe especially, because he yelled and gasped, stumbling back. The man who grabbed my ass for the second fucking time tonight fell into the person behind him with a crash.

Screaming, hollering, and big-boy bellows from angry men sounded like a cacophony of sheer chaos as they all wobbled about in the confusion of who'd started it.

Was I regretful? A little. But I'd batted him away once already, and he was just getting closer, pushing himself into my space, squeezing like he had no choice, or like I didn't. It made me sick.

But seeing the mayhem now, I backed up, ready to escape the club.

"Hey!" the groper yelled at me, catching my eye when I was almost out of the vicinity of the bar. Shit, he looked fucking pissed. His bulbous, blood-shot eyes leered at me, the red wine dripping down his face and onto his crumpled white shirt. It made him look even more of a mess. How had I ever thought he was attractive? Beer goggles working overtime.

As the bar fight picked up, I turned and ran, fleeing the scene with a hint of fear and excitement rolling through my body. My friends cheered for me as I darted past them, a giggle falling from my mouth. They yelled their goodnights and love yous as I poured myself out into the street.

Cold air slammed into me as I fell through the door, alcohol still warming my blood, and I gasped the chill into my lungs, pausing for a moment to catch my bearings. The street was so quiet, eerily so. Moving from the busy, warm and vibrant bar into this icy, gloomy open air disorientated me and I had to blink it away, trudging towards the dorms and taking calming breaths. Something in the air was creeping me out, even without all the people crushing into me. Or maybe because they weren't anymore. I was alone.

But I never felt quite alone anymore. And it was heightened in the dark, with the fuzz of booze messing with my instincts. It was a shiver at my back, but one I'd grown to ignore.

I pulled my cell from my pocket and fired off a text to a guy I sometimes hooked up with, letting him know I was leaving and that he could find me in my dorm if he wanted later. I saw that he'd read it, but when a response didn't come through right away, I put my phone back in my pocket and focused on the shadowy streets.

This was a pretty safe college town with many initiatives from the police and the campus watch, but none the less, a shiver ran down my spine, and not just from the cold. That sense of being watched prickled at my back more than usual, tingling over my skin.

I turned to look behind me, expecting to see no one, but there was a shadow. A man, moving towards me at speed. Hood up, hands in pockets, face down. Striding fast.

My stomach damn near fell out of my asshole at the sight of the man, the way he was approaching, closing the gap with each large step. With my heart pounding, I crossed the road. It was a coincidence. He was a speedy walker, hurrying to get home, and I was just along his path. He'd carry on right by me and feel sheepish about scaring a woman. That's all. He was a good man. Most of them were.

But being a lone female out at night was never the time to have a sense of security. Even in a safe town.

As I walked, moving in and out of the streetlights, I realized he had never passed me by on the other side of the road, but I wasn't about to turn and check. Tension had me wanting to freeze, but I kept putting one foot in front of the other, wishing I'd stuck with my friends in the warm bar.

Footsteps that sounded too close echoed, still moving fast, still creeping me the fuck out. He was behind me, and he'd crossed the road too. Because

this was the way home for him? Or something else? I didn’t want to find out.

With racing breaths, my feet carried me, turning from a brisk walk to a run. Never mind concern about looking stupid, fear had me now. Choking at me. I spent a significant amount of time feeling like prey now, so long with the unsettling sensation of being watched by something unseen, I just got used to it. But this was another matter altogether.

A cry fell from me as I turned a corner and caught sight of the figure looming in my periphery. He looked so intense, focused on getting closer. I was sure he could have already, if he wanted, so I had to think it was intentional. He was toying with me now.

And it was working.

A tear dripped onto my cheek when I saw the dorm, just across a grassy area with some benches, all lit up with small lights, a group of college kids smoking, sitting half on the ground, half on the seats, relaxed and happy. A laugh drifted through the air at the same moment I opened my mouth to shout for help.

Then meaty fingers drove into my mouth, a heavy arm wrapping around my head and yanking me back, muffling my cry, deepening the scream of terror. Horror gripped me as he shoved his fingers in deeper, choking me with them as I fought against him with all I had. But he was a big guy, and he laughed when I tried to twist and kick him. His hot breath was on my neck, and his other hand went across my chest, squeezing. Suffocating.

“Stop fighting, bitch,” he growled in my ear, a tone so demonic it almost sounded like it came through one of those voice changers. My eyes widened, and I tried to scream around his fingers, still struggling and scratching at him as he pulled me to the dirty, cold ground.

No! My mind warped and twisted, and for the moments I fought, it was only him. It was only me. And I knew I was going to lose. He was too strong. Too determined.

Even when I bit his fingers, digging my teeth right through his skin, it didn’t deter him. It only seemed to spur him on, turn him on, even. Horror coursed through me when I felt his erection pressing into my ass. No, no, no.

“Don’t worry,” he chuckled. “I’ve got something much worse in store for you, little fighter.”

His arm over my chest moved up, wrapping around my neck. And together, one hand shoved, bleeding, into my mouth, and the other squeezing my throat, he drained the life out of me. My body screamed for oxygen, my brain for blood, but it didn’t come. The world closed in. My ability to fight faded, and with a final whimper, I collapsed.

THE SMELL WAS THE first thing I was aware of when I came back round. Pain followed right after, but it was the smell, a mustiness like the basement of somewhere wet and decaying. It flooded my nostrils and made me want to vomit. Instead, I groaned, muttering to myself as I tried to blink away the fog and fatigue.

“Alice?” a voice broke through my unfocused brain, sounding shocked and devastated, maybe relieved. “Alice!” Like a bucket of cold water, I realized who it was.

It was my brother. My twin. My brother’s voice screaming at me through the void I pushed myself out of. And as I did, more of that pain. In my chest, my neck, my head. Everywhere. Even my stomach clawed and ached. He couldn’t be here. Not him, too. He was softer than me, kinder. This wasn’t fair.

“Asher?” I managed to grind out through dry lips, opening my eyes to acclimatize. “What the fuck?”

“I’m sorry,” Asher cried. “I’m so sorry.”

My ankle had coarse, thick rope tied around it, connected to the nearest wall, and I was naked save for a baggy white t-shirt. Fear thickened in my neck as I took in our surroundings. A small, dank space, no natural light, a lonely bulb swinging from the ceiling, emitting a faint glow. A beam running through the middle of the room with hooks hanging down. There was no furniture, only a thin mattress beneath me, and a fucking bucket in the corner. A door, no handle on the inside. Fuck. Oh fuck.

Asher continued to cry, and when I gasped in pain trying to sit up, he groaned and shuffled closer, though his ankle was tied to the opposite wall, so it was tricky. I hated seeing him here, in this hellhole.

“What the fuck is going on?” I asked my twin, who appeared even worse for wear than me. We both had dark hair, though his was coated in dust and

dirt, making it look almost gray. His face was pale, and he looked fucking exhausted. It had only been hours since I'd last seen him, but it looked like he'd been through some horrors. He needed me strong.

"I… I'm not sure. I just woke up here," he said, getting as close to me as possible before the rope strained. "You, I… Shit, Alice, I don't know what to tell you."

"Are you hurt?" I asked, rubbing at my head before shuffling on my knees to get to him. The length of our ropes met in the center of the room, just enough slack that we could pull each other in our arms and squeeze, touch, find comfort in the familiar.

We'd always been close, going to the same college together so we could support each other through the move away from home. He lived in the dorm opposite mine, and we often stayed up, chatting on the phone and looking out the window and into the other's room. We didn't have the best parents, a distant couple, wealthy, uncaring of what we did. Throw money at the problem types, so we stuck together, raised each other.

I flopped my head onto his shoulder and just let myself soak in the comfort he brought me, relishing the way his arms wrapped around me, warm and firm. Even though he cried too, I felt safe.

"I'm not hurt, no more than you," Ash muttered in my ear, before pulling back a little, holding my cheeks and studying my face, my head. "You've got a small cut just above your hairline, but it looks okay. It wasn't bleeding when he… when he brought you here."

"He?" My stomach bottomed out, thinking of the man who'd chased me, attacked me. "He who? Who is it?"

Asher's lips tightened, his eyes darkened. "I don't know. He was wearing a mask. Big guy, though."

"I think I remember him taking me. Was walking home from the bar and someone grabbed me."

Asher looked pained. "Shit, Al, I'm so sorry, I'm sorry I wasn't there." He was supposed to be. He never missed coming to the bar with me, with our friends. He always walked me home at the end of the night, too.

"What happened to you?" I asked. "How long have you been here?"

Asher told me everything as we settled onto our asses, our bare skin on the cold concrete making us both wince, but my knees were hurting and I didn't want to stop touching him. He explained that after he'd left me last night, he'd parked and started the short walk to his dorm, but everything

went black – I was taken on Monday, and had to assume it still was Monday, if not the early hours of Tuesday – and didn't remember much else. Some pain before waking up here, alone. The next time he saw anyone was when the man dropped me off and tied me up. He didn't say a word, didn't even acknowledge Asher.

"Some food appeared earlier when I was asleep. Energy bars and a bottle of water. But that's it. I don't know what's happening," Asher finished, his familiar face scrunched up in frustration. His curled hair was a mess, tugged at and falling into his eyes, and as our gazes locked again, my heart broke a little. Asher was gentle, abhorred violence. One of the biggest differences between us was his softness, the way he cared for all living beings and avoided conflict. The amount of times I'd defended him growing up, throwing my fists into the ring while he stepped back after someone bullied him… we were a strange balance.

Though he was much bigger than me now, wide with muscles from working outside and eating a perfect health-focused diet, I still wanted to defend him. He refused to ask our parents for more money, supporting himself with odd jobs instead.

"I'm going to kill the fucker," I told Asher, meaning every word even if I wasn't exactly in the position to do so. "He has to come back soon. I'll—"

We had a two second warning. The distinctive snick of a key in the lock, then the creak of the door opening.

And in he stepped.

Masked and relaxed. Anger boiled my blood.

"Hello beautifuls," he said, his voice gruff, deep, a little muffled under the mask. "I'm so looking forward to playing with you."

OceanofPDF.com

3

Alice

PLAYING.

Like this was a game.

I scrambled up to my feet and raced towards the fucker who'd taken us, rage overtaking any sense of self-preservation. My body ached, my head throbbed, but his masked face was all I saw.

Asher clambered up too, yelling at me to stop, trying in vain to grab me before I did something stupid. But he was too far away and slammed onto his knees instead, the rope around his ankle catching him.

I lunged, screaming something even I didn't understand, and I… missed. My tied up ankle tugged behind me and I crashed to the floor like Asher, just out of reach of the asshole, who was standing with his arms crossed over his chest, not an ounce of concern evident. He tipped his head to the side. Chuckled.

"You'll be fun to break," he said, like he was telling me the fucking restaurant specials, so calm and casual. When I huffed and tried to recover, he pulled a knife from his pocket and used the handle to scratch at his scalp, messing up his black hair. "Brilliant news. Exciting."

"Fuck you," I groaned, shuffling back on the floor, trying to hide how much my ankle now hurt. The rope had burned my skin on the way down, thick and rough as it was. My brain fought to panic. On the edges of my

mind, it tried to sink into despair, to let go of any fight and go into mental flight. Asher came up behind me and helped me stand, both our eyes never leaving the man.

Asher was right. He was enormous. Filled up the entire doorway as he crossed through it, wide and tall. He looked heavy, thick and muscular, not from fat, though his stomach appeared softer. He was like a massive bear, unnerving and pacing. I wasn't a tiny woman, but he looked to be at least two of me. I gulped, fear making me want to recoil.

"What do you want?" Asher asked, trying to keep his voice steady and failing only a little. I knew my twin inside and out and heard the wobble in his tone. "Who are you?"

The man chuckled, taking a measured step closer. "I suppose I better give you a name. Can't have you call me asshole the entire time, can I?"

I scoffed, but he only laughed more. There was something so unnerving about how casual he was, how calm. Asher and I stood, huddled close, tied to the fucking wall, but he was there, twirling the knife between his fingers, lifting his head like he was thinking. "Call me Hunter."

"Hunter?" I spat, noting Asher tense up behind me. If the situation had been any different, it might have made me laugh. So fucking cheesy, desperate. May as well have asked us to call him 'predator' or some shit.

"Yeah, Hunter." He took a step closer to us, a large one that closed the gap significantly. "Now. What do you say we get on with it? I bet you're hungry. Curious. Want to understand why I abducted you both, stalked you through the streets, blah blah."

Asher squeezed my arm when I went to reply, answering for us before I could, "Yes, please, Hunter. We want to go home."

"Oh, shit, really?" Hunter replied in a gruff, mocking tone. He was in touching distance now. I could reach out, kick him, punch him, but Asher's hand on my upper arm told me not to. Stay calm, Alice, he told me without words. We'll figure this out. I refused to let my fear stop me.

No one would be looking for us yet, assuming it was only Tuesday morning. Neither of our parents were the kind that forced us to check in regularly, and it would probably be days before our roommates raised concern. We were alone for now. Didn't know where we were, how to get out. Hunter was between us and the only exit, a knife and whatever fucked up plan he had trapping us. Asher and I were at a severe

disadvantage, and it felt almost like a daze, a dream - how could this be real?

“Tell us,” I urged, trying to goad Hunter into messing up. Not that I knew what I’d do if he did. Or even how he could. He’d padlocked the rope around our ankles, for fuck’s sake. “What are you going to do? Get some sick jollies off? I’m fed up of your fucking face already, so get on with it.”

“Alice…” Asher hissed, but again, Hunter just laughed, showing for all the world that he was enjoying himself. I wanted to stab him. Rip his mask from his head and kick his nose in. I clenched my fists at my uselessness. Fuck.

“You can’t see my face, bitch,” he replied, getting even closer to me, the very tip of the knife pressing into my jugular. I felt his warmth, his aura pressing into mine, and I shrank back into Asher. “You don’t know what I look like,” he said teasingly, playing with the blade along my skin. “Do you want to?”

He scared me, he did. My stomach ached and churned, and my legs shook, but I refused to let him see it. When I gulped, the knife pressed a little more into my neck, straining the skin. Still, I did nothing.

How much further could I push him? Was it stupid? It was stupid. But I never did react well when someone bigger tried to threaten me. Asher would tell me to shut up, that this creep had the upper hand by a long way, and we should be careful.

“You’re a cunt,” I whispered. “A pathetic, weak cunt.”

Hunter’s shoulders dropped, and I heard him release a breath, almost as if he was relaxing. Like whatever I’d done soothed him somehow. It was damn terrifying, more so than the blade at my throat. Time dragged, slowed, pressure built. It was clear whatever was about to come out of his mouth, whatever he was about to do, would change me forever. Change Asher too. I didn’t believe, in that moment, that I had very many breaths left to breathe. “Kiss him,” Hunter muttered at last, twisting the point of the knife just under my ear, still not breaking the skin, but making me wince. He was so close to my face that without the mask, we would have been sharing air. Our eyelashes would have tangled together when we blinked. The material was hot, my breath fogging across it. Tension rose, making me shudder.

“What?” Both Asher and I blurted after a few seconds, once his request had caught up with us, so beyond whatever thoughts we’d had of

his intentions. He wanted us to… It didn't connect in my mind.

"Kiss each other," Hunter said again, and I could fucking hear him smiling behind the mask. Sick, twisted fucker. He tilted his head up to Asher, the frozen smile on his mask making it ever creepier. "Kiss your sister. And do it right, or I'll slit her throat."

OceanofPDF.com

4

Asher

HIS DEMANDS DIDN'T REGISTER, echoing around in my head as we spluttered and refused his strange request. Alice opened her mouth to spit something at him, venomous words that would only get us in more trouble. I tried to stop her, but he got there first, yanking and twisting her so her body was flush with his, her back to his front, shoving the knife right back up to her throat. The sight had my heart stopping.

I had no real recollection of him taking me. My mind had been a mess that night, a whirl of guilt over how I'd treated Alice, confusion over my parents and fatigue from lack of sleep. Dad kept me up all night over the weekends, and come Sunday night, I was dead on my feet. That's why Hunter got me with such ease. I remembered stepping out of my car, pulling out my phone to check Alice was okay and apologize for being a shit. Then… nothing.

When I woke up here alone, my mind wouldn't let it be anything other than a nightmare. I slept, ignored it. Until Alice showed up, limp in his arms. Horror gripped me then. And my stomach hadn't unknotted since. She couldn't die down here.

Hunter's breathing picked up as he nuzzled the mask into her neck, groaning and rubbing his crotch on her ass. She whimpered, her face squeezing up. The rage simmered within me, but unlike my sister, I could

contain it. It boiled just beneath the surface of my skin, but I tensed and held onto it. Contained it.

“I won’t kiss her,” I said, voice level, my gaze darting from the knife pressing into her skin to her wide eyes, staring right at me. Her expression was unreadable though - it was pleading, but for what? For me to do it, or for me to fight?

Hunter’s other hand wrapped around her stomach, his fingers stroking her, tugging on her t-shirt to drag it up her thighs. “If you don’t kiss her, I won’t just stab her…” He hummed, one of his fingers touching her bare leg. She yelped, squeaked and held in a sob, her horror painted plain across her features. So familiar, but twisted up like this was nothing I’d ever seen. My feet ached to step closer and pull her from him. But rather than do anything, I just floundered. *Fucking idiot.*

“He’s going to let you die,” Hunter muttered in Alice’s ear, teasing her. “All for a little kiss. Poor brother won’t press his lips to yours to save your life.”

“Please,” Alice tried to beg, but it ended on a gasp when the blade nicked her skin, a bead of blood spilling onto the white cotton. She choked on a sob, scrunching her eyes up to try to stop it, slumping her body back into him like she just couldn’t stand up anymore. “I’m going to fucking kill you,” she said to Hunter, her voice weak, mouth hardly moving.

Hunter pushed the knife in more, and the minor wound on her neck deepened. And I fucking did it. What he wanted.

I stepped forward, right into both their spaces, and pressed my mouth to Alice’s. One dry, straightforward smack on the lips. Two seconds. That was it. But when I moved away, it was clear it wasn’t enough.

Hunter laughed, a deep, horrifying chuckle, and his fingers roamed further up her thigh, towards her… my stomach roiled. “You’ll have to do better than that, *brother*,” Hunter said, his hips thrusting into Alice’s ass as she continued to wince and squirm. “I want to see your pretty pink tongues working together.”

His eyes were visible through the black mask this close, small holes with thin fabric stretching across. They were staring at me with such powerful intensity, I almost staggered back. I believed him. I believed he would do whatever it took to make me kiss her. A sick game. A twisted up, hideous power play. Reasons unknown, but intentions plain.

Alice looked so scared. It all felt so on edge. He was going to kill her. The knife was sliding against her throat. His fingers continued creeping up her thigh. For a moment, I stared at his hands, incongruous as they were. Clean, long nails clipped.

Her gaze begged me, her expression clear now as horror and fear and disgust swirled around behind those eyes we shared. “Ash…” she choked out, making him laugh. He knew he had us. We were at his mercy. Tied up. Desperate to live. To survive together.

“Tongue,” he repeated.

I stepped back toward Alice, and Hunter lowered the knife, resting it at her breast instead. I tilted her head up, cupping her cheek, and studied her face. Blotchy, terrified, confused. Wincing every time the monster behind her moved or pressed further into her.

With my stomach kicking up, tensing and making my neck heat with sweat and disgust, I kissed her again. The way he asked. Our mouths collided, tentative and unwilling, touching and moving robotically. Alice’s bottom lip trembled as I coaxed her mouth open, stroking the tear falling from her eye with my thumb when she met my tongue with her own.

It was wrong. So fucking wrong that I resisted every urge in my body not to push her away, a revolt in my system. Our tongues massaged together, our lips moving as one.

“Fucking hell,” Hunter moaned, doing something that made Alice stumble into me a fraction, her body slamming into mine. “That is so fucking hot.”

I yanked myself away and stumbled back, swallowing the bile rising up my throat. Alice cried and tried to escape from Hunter again, and this time he let her, palming his bulge as she fell to the floor, a look of horror and shock across her face as she scrambled away on her hands and knees. The drop of blood from the knife stained her neck as red as the anger surging in me.

I turned to our captor, finding him still leering over my sister, beginning to unbutton his pants. It was awkward, with one of his hands grasping the knife, so he was distracted. The rope at my ankle was slacker than before, like we’d moved closer to the wall without realizing. I flew at him, bellowing in anger as my body crashed into his and we slammed to the floor. He landed with an oof, the knife skittering across the room.

The rope prevented me from getting on top of him and pinning him down though, and he reacted damn fast, grabbing my head and twisting us, using his might and the fact he was twice the size of me to throw me onto my back and slam his knee against my chest, crushing it.

Alice screamed the whole time, scrambling to get to us but unable to reach. Hunter just laughed, a big booming one that bounced around the room in an endless loop. I saw Alice wince and cry, angry tears reddening her cheeks. From my position on the floor, with Hunter pressing down on me, I could see between her legs. I quickly looked away, having now learned she wore no underwear like me, and scowled up at our kidnapper. Fuck him.

“Are you done?” he asked, shifting himself higher up my body. “I do like your feistiness, but you’ve only made me harder.” He moved his knee to the floor so he was straddling my chest, and pushed his clothed erection into my face. I smelled his musk and tried not to breathe any more in as he dry humped against my cheek.

I turned my head and locked eyes with my sister, who was watching with a strange, distant, distraught expression. Disassociating, I hoped. It was a skill I had, but she’d never managed it. I used to get in trouble for switching off, turning into a zombie. But it wasn’t happening now, I was aware of every single thing.

When I fought against Hunter, clawing and punching at him, trying to buck him off, it only made him go harder. The zipper of his jeans scratched at my cheek as he grunted and groaned, thrusting his hips across my entire face while I tried to suck in breaths when I could. It was overwhelming, all-consuming.

“Alice…” I whimpered, desperate to reach my hand to hers, but he maneuvered his body and stepped on my arm, crushing his foot into the crook of my elbow and yanking my head to look up. He sat, pressing my nose against his ass and grinding as I spluttered and swore and begged.

It must have only been a minute or two, but it felt like a lifetime stuck under him as he used me. Fighting was no use. He was too big, too heavy. I couldn’t move under his weight, let alone push him off.

“Fuck yeah, slave,” Hunter said, moving his ass over my face with such vicious roughness I could feel friction burns from his denim. I gave up fighting when he moved again, rubbing his erection over my lips, the zipper

catching at the thin skin as he lost himself to it. “You’re going to make me come,” he groaned. “Open your mouth or I’ll slit your sister’s throat.”

My lips fell slack almost immediately, no hesitation when it came to her life. I heard her soft cries, and when I dared open my eyes, I looked in my peripheral and saw her hugging her knees, weeping openly at my assault. Watching every second of it.

Hunter pressed his denim clad dick into my mouth, my saliva soaking into the fabric as he pushed in and out. “Fuck yeah,” he huffed, holding my head steady and focusing as he reached his disgusting end. I wanted to vomit, to tear at his skin or bite down on him and make him scream in pain. But Alice. She was there, in his reach, and he’d already cut her once.

“I’ve got so much cum for you,” Hunter groaned, and finally his thrusting stuttered as he cried out and orgasmed in his pants, using my face as his personal toy. The denim dampened further and a salty taste settled on my prone tongue. I fucking gagged when I realized it was his semen, his cum, seeping into my mouth.

He laughed and slapped my cheek, sinking his whole ass onto my chest after watching me struggle to get away for a beat. He sighed, stretched his neck, paused for a moment and stared at the ceiling before looking back down at me. “Next time you’ll taste it. You both will. And I can’t wait.” He stroked my cheek, ran his hands through my hair. “But you know what I really can’t wait for?” He waited for one of us to answer, didn’t even move.

Alice yelled, “What!?” as the tension got too high.

“I can’t wait for you to taste each other,” Hunter growled. “To see your cum settled on her tongue.”

This man was depraved. Sick and twisted in a way I could never have imagined possible. He acted like he knew us, like his plan always included me and my sister. As he climbed off of me, letting my lungs inflate at last, tears poured down my cheeks.

Realization hit harder than his fist. We were never getting out of this whole.

OceanofPDF.com

5

Alice

MY HEART STAYED LOCKED in my throat as Hunter rose up from Asher's chest and sauntered over to the knife, scooping it up with a real fucking skip in his step. All my organs plummeted out of my ass when I realized I'd never even tried to grab it. So stupid. Such an idiot. Death wish. Too consumed by the horror in front of me to think rationally. I could have saved him.

Neither Asher nor I moved as Hunter headed for the door, both too shocked to react. This was an insanity I could never have anticipated. It was like living in a daze, like my mind hadn't truly caught up with what was happening.

Asher was… he looked distraught, ruined. His skin was blotchy, scratched up cheeks and chin, tender looking under his eyes, across his nose. Like he'd been dragged across a coarse carpet over and over.

Hunter looked like he'd been killing him as he assaulted my brother's face. His expression was rageful, focused, terrifying. And there was nothing I could do to help. The anger built in me until it broke, and I sat, shattered, watching it happen.

Hunter turned to us at the door, his hand on the knob on the outside. "For good enough behavior, I'll bring down dessert with dinner."

Then he was gone, his departure leaving a vacuum of pressure. Asher and I were in silence again, alone and scared. We listened to each other breathe, Asher's stuttered and wheezy as he eventually rolled onto his front and shuffled to the wall opposite me, coughing and retching, before leaning his back against the cool brick with an expression of blank horror on his face.

"I'm sorry," I whispered when I couldn't take the silence anymore. My brother looked at me and frowned, his eyes glassy, but then he sucked in a deep breath and shook his head, like he was shaking away the anguish.

"We just need to wait." His voice came out hoarse. "We need to wait, sleep. Rest. He'll be back. We can get him when he comes back."

Images of me and my brother, roped to the wall, frail and hungry, attacking the giant man who had kidnapped us with such ease, ran through my head. It was laughable, but the humor of it only pained me. It seemed so fucking hopeless. I knew nothing of where we were, what the rest of the building was like, if Hunter was on his own. I assumed he had cameras, but I couldn't see them. He had intentions impossible to fathom, and it terrified me. Making us kiss. The way he used Asher and the threats he made had me sick to my stomach.

"I—" I tried to speak, to say anything I could think of to soothe my brother. Failed. The room closed in around me, the dank walls looming, squeezing inward. I ran my hand over my face, pressing my fingers into my eyes like it might shift everything - when I opened them again, everything would be different.

"We just need to wait," Ash repeated, and I opened my eyes, finding him there, in the hell hole we'd awoken in. Our gazes locked for a moment, then he turned, leaving me to my horrifying thoughts. I watched his back rise and fall until my eyes wouldn't stay open anymore.

OceanofPDF.com

Something dripped in the room. It was too dim now to see what it was, but the drip, drip, drip had followed us into the dark as the single bulb illuminating the room switched off an hour ago. I thought it might be in the walls or right outside, but sound echoed in a funny way when your mind is breaking. Maybe nothing was dripping, and I just filled in the blanks of silence. It was hard to comprehend the absolute nothingness. No whir of the TV, no cars zipping by, no birds chirping. Even Asher's breathing was quiet, slow.

I couldn't bring myself to move, so stayed pressed against the wall, my knees tucked up under my chin and my thoughts a churning fire as I listened to that dripping. The cut on my neck didn't even register beyond a tiny irritation. The rest of me was as traumatized too. It just didn't matter down here. We needed to get out, then we could heal our bodies and minds.

I felt terrified of what else Hunter had planned for us. The things he hinted at, suggested, thrust his erection into my ass as he dreamed up fantasies... it all *hurt.* To think about, to imagine. What was his goal? His intention? He'd taken us for a reason, orchestrated it, perhaps watched us for days or weeks. That prickle at my back whenever I was alone outside, or in my bedroom with the curtains open… maybe that was him. All this time.

He was going to scar us beyond all comprehension, perhaps already had.

Asher lay across the room, breathing ragged, wide awake, but silent. He snored a little when he was asleep, so I knew he was like me. Awake, deep in thought. Waiting.

The kiss forced upon us compared little to what Hunter had done to him next.

"Ash?" I called, voice hoarse. He didn't reply. A tear leaked from my eye and I fought off a sniff. I chose not to cry. Hunter was probably watching, and he wasn't getting the satisfaction of seeing my emotions. Sick fucker. He'd looked up at the ceiling a few times, like he was performing for a camera up there.

But I failed at subtlety, because when a whimper fell loose, I heard Asher move.

He shuffled across the room, his body dragging. "Come halfway. I can't reach you." He sounded hurt, desperate, his sudden shift painful. On instinct, I clambered to him, scrambling through the dank space towards his soothing voice. I needed his comfort.

And when I found him in the middle of the room and his warm arms wrapped around me, I let it all wash over me. Burying my face into his neck, I let the tears flow free.

He hushed me, stroked my hair, and I did the same for him. Wiping the tears from his cheeks, blindly finding them in the dark, and whispering words meant to bolster, bring hope. Hope I didn't believe in, but enough for him. His breathing slowed and his grip on me softened. He was my twin. We shared a womb. There was nothing more comforting than the way he smelled, the rumble of his voice, the beat of his heart. It was home.

At some point, we both fell asleep again, curled up together on the cold floor of our kidnapper's dungeon.

"ALICE," ASHER'S VOICE WOKE me and for the tiniest moment, I'd forgotten everything. "There's food."

The light was on now, and as I blinked life back into my eyes, my vision settled on Asher, sitting beside me with two plates of food in front of him. He was inspecting it, a frown on his face.

Fuck. We were still here. It wasn't a fucking nightmare concocted by my worst thoughts. I had to take a few steadying breaths to stave off a panic attack as everything came rushing back like a damn tsunami of despair. Kidnapped. The kiss. Hunter. Asher's injured face.

I sat up, calming the racing in my veins and trying to ignore the imposing walls. It felt too close, like we were going to suffocate. There was no fresh air, no breeze or flow at all. Just dank. Stifling.

"Al." Asher's hand settled on the base of my spine, bringing me back to him. "Eat. I don't think he'd have poisoned anything. What would be the point?"

My lips pursed at the idea, almost wishing for poison. I dreaded the thought of what he had planned next. That kiss he forced, the way he took his pleasure out on Asher's crying face… the damn look in his eye when he drifted off to imagine what was coming for us. Cyanide would be better than that shit.

"This looks terrible," I said, picking up the congealed grilled cheese and biting the corner. "The fucker for sure doesn't have a chef up there."

Asher didn’t respond, only shook his head.

We ate in silence, guzzled the bottles of water down. The second I did, my bladder reminded me of the *other* horror to confront. The bucket in the corner. I stood, a grim expression on my face, and made my way over. Thank god it was my brother with me and not a stranger, not that this was the worst thing we were facing now. Just another humiliation.

“Turn around or something, please,” I asked Asher, motioning with my finger for him to shuffle. He did, rolling his eyes in a brief moment of normality that made me bite my lip.

I lifted the shirt up to squat when footsteps sounded just outside the door. Keys. The door opening. I caught a glimpse of stairs leading up, confirming my theory we were in a basement. Hunter strolling in, his mask gone. I gasped, surprised to see anything remotely human under there.

“Stop,” he said, almost sounding hurried.

“What?” I blurted, mid-squat.

“Stand.”

I took in his face, shocked at the sight of it. The bastard was *handsome*. Dark hair fell over his forehead, and despite harsh features, stubble and a frown, something about him was hard to look away from. My breaths came out in stutters. I didn’t recognize him, though there was something familiar. He’d been watching me. He must have been. In the background of my life. Why, then? Why this?

“I can see why you decided to hide that ugly mug from us,” I retorted, straightening myself up, unable to help myself. Asher sighed, standing up too, staying in the center of the room. Tension rolled off him. It rolled off all of us. Despite my fear, my instinct was to snip at our captor. I was curious about why he was showing us his face, but every idea I came up with didn’t bode well for our freedom, so I pushed my questions away.

But Hunter only shrugged and smirked. “I have a game to play today.”

“What?” I blurted, ignoring my bladder. Now was not the time.

Hunter glanced at me and pulled a knife from his pocket. His eyes darkened as he looked down my body, gaze trailing over my legs, to the bucket, and back.

“A game,” he repeated.

“Please…” Asher said, stepping forward, but the rope stopped him getting any closer to Hunter. “Let her go, at least. We can… I don’t know, work a deal out? Let my sister go.”

Hunter shook his head and took a step towards me. Something about him twisted me up inside. The knife in his hand wracked me with fear. The way the light glinted off it, the way he handled it with such comfort and ease. It reminded me of when he'd grabbed me off the street. Too competent, too scary. Like he wouldn't hesitate to slit our throats and bask in our deaths. Danger rolled off him like smoke in a fire.

"What game?" I bit out, tensing my entire body, tilting my chin up. Determined. Fucking *determined* for them to not see my fear.

Hunter smiled something wicked. "Simple, really, do as I say, or your twin loses a limb."

"Catchy."

OceanofPDF.com

6

Asher

“AM I ALLOWED TO piss first?” my sister asked, snapping at him. I knew it was an effort to appear strong. I saw through the cracks in her armor, had always been able to. Even so, I didn’t understand how she did it. I shrunk inward, she exploded out. My attempt to overpower Hunter earlier was nothing like me, but seeing his hands on Alice turned me into someone I didn’t recognize.

“You’ll hold it,” Hunter said to Alice with a smirk, striding closer to her, his knife pointed in my direction as he looked her up and down again. He leered at her, and all I thought about was the way he’d felt on top of me, suffocating me. My stomach clenched. “Part of the game.”

Alice huffed, appearing unfazed by the reveal of his face. She’d flinched for a moment, but then carried on sniping at him. I struggled to look anywhere but right at him. He didn’t seem evil, he looked… normal. Frown lines and potential signs of a hard life in his eyes, but about typical for a man who I guessed was in his later twenties. Why was he showing us? What was the point in the mask before? Something must have changed.

“You were watching, you fucking asshole. Where’s the camera?” Alice asked, standing up straight next to the bucket.

“Al, stop,” I hissed. But she didn’t care. Brashness in the face of danger.

Hunter just laughed, and it shocked me. It was such a bitter sound. “Get on your knees, bitch,” he said with a low chuckle, giving her all his dark attention. “And make your brother hard.”

“I, what? No—” Alice spluttered, her facade dropping in line with my gut. He hinted. He told us, but I couldn’t…

Hunter stepped closer to Alice, and fuck, she didn’t move, didn’t waver. She glared up at him as he reached into her space. He ran the knife along her collarbone, and I saw her gulp as he brought the blade to her cheek, almost in a caress. He paused with the tip at her previous injuries, toyed with them for a moment, before moving on.

With a wicked grin, he touched the blade to her lip. “Open,” he demanded, and she squeezed her lips together. I watched, hopeless, frozen. “Open your mouth or I’ll stab my way through and still make your brother fuck you here.”

Alice’s eyes widened and she whimpered, dropping her jaw and exposing her tongue. Seeing her obey him after all her bluster took a little something from me. Maybe it was hope.

“Stick it out,” he said, and she thrust her tongue out, a tear leaking from her eye. He rested the flat of the blade on her tongue, sliding it, slicking the metal with her saliva. “Do as I say, and do it without messing yourself, or I’ll replace his cock with this blade. How slick do you think your throat would be sliced up by this?” He pressed down, and a bead of blood formed next to the glinting metal. Alice stood there, tongue out, eyes narrowing, fists clenching. “I’d enjoy finding out.”

The moment froze, tension and fear hanging over the entire room. Hunter seemed to relish in it, bask in the horror rolling off of us. I saw the rage behind Alice’s glare, had been the victim of it plenty of times growing up, but she was withholding, keeping it back. Those clenched fists staying at her side.

Then Hunter pulled the knife away from her, but their eyes stayed locked. I watched a conversation, a fight for power Alice had no chance of winning. Hunter’s jaw tightened as he waited for her to fold, but that glimmer of humor remained in his eye, like he half-hoped she wouldn’t. I tried to place him in my world, in the background of my life. He’d stalked us on purpose, chosen us. So why couldn’t I recognize a single fucking thing about him? Maybe around his eyes, maybe the way he moved, but nothing distinctive, nothing triggered.

Then Alice turned to me with a deep frown on her face and walked over. She looked like she was going to be sick, her mouth pulled down.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“If I don’t…” she whispered, her brows furrowed. “I believe him, Ash. I don’t want him to hurt you.”

Hunter moved closer, grinning wide as he played with the knife, twirling it on the palm of his hand. “There are so many more things I will do if you don’t oblige me this, Asher,” he teased, focusing on me for the first time. He’d persuaded Alice. She looked braced for hell. She gulped and sank to her knees, her head dropping forward with anguish as she settled.

“She’s my sister,” I said futilely, begging him with my gaze.

“That’s the point.” Hunter smirked. “Now, put your cock in her mouth.”

“Ash,” Alice whimpered. “It’s okay. It… it’s survival. I can, I don’t know…”

“I can’t do it,” I shouted, going to step away, squeezing my eyes shut and swallowing down bile. Alice grabbed my leg to stop me from moving, her fingers curling into my skin.

“I’ll stab her in the fucking throat and make you fuck the hole if you don’t get your cock in your sister’s mouth right now!” Hunter bellowed, making both of us jump. Alice sniffled, and I squeezed my eyes shut.

Warmth grasped my cock then, and I flinched, sucked in a haggard breath. I refused to glance down. Not as Alice grasped my shaft and began moving her hand up and down, trying to bring it to life. I heard her cry, but remained frozen, letting my mind go elsewhere.

“Not good enough,” Hunter chided, and the fist around my cock squeezed suddenly, Alice gasping. My eyes flew open to find the knife pressing into her mouth again. “Open wide.”

“Ash, please,” Alice said through gritted teeth, trying to get away from the blade.

It was hopeless. This was happening either with blood or without. I lifted the shirt and exposed my cock and her hand to the room. It looked…wrong. And I was surprised to find myself half-hard from her stimulation. But I came in closer, biting my tongue with so much force the tang of metal flooded my taste buds, then I wrapped my hand next to my sister’s on my shaft and aimed it at her mouth.

“Fuck, yes,” Hunter groaned, fucking his hips into the air, looking up at the ceiling again with a wicked grin.

Alice's tongue touched the tip of my cock first and I shuddered. It was impossible to look away. Though our eyes didn't lock, refused to catch the others gaze, we both kept them open. I watched her lips wrap around my shaft and swallow me up.

Blood continued to rush and harden my erection, the… fuck, the taboo of it, the horror. It messed with my hormones and twisted my brain. Her warm, wet mouth mixed with the stream of tears down her face and the way she was holding back a gag.

"Delicious, isn't it?" Hunter said, though I wasn't sure to who.

Alice sucked, hollowing her cheeks and flickering her tongue against the head of my cock. It made my thighs shake, shivers rush down my spine. Shit. Fuck.

She pulled away with a gasp and a splutter, wiping spit from her lip with the back of her hand. "He's hard!" she shrieked, coughing. "He—"

"Keep going," Hunter grinned, shoving his hand down his joggers to jerk his own cock. The thought of her having to service him…

"Do it, Al," I said, hurrying her. "Don't stop now."

"What?" She looked up at me, shock plain as day. Betrayal or something I didn't want to think about playing across her features. Maybe this is what we needed to do to get away? Play along? What was the worst he might force us to do? What was his plan next?

Alice moved back in, using her hands this time to tug on my balls as she swallowed my cock up.

"You'll make him come," Hunter told her, stroking her hair with his hand holding the blade, his other down his pants, moving fast as he enjoyed himself too damn much. "Then you'll hold his spunk. I have plans for it."

Alice whimpered and groaned, her shoulders heaving as she held in tears of anguish. I focused. The faster I could come, the sooner this would be over. She squirmed, squeezing her legs together as she continued sucking me, using her mouth, her lips and tongue to get me off.

She pushed further, gagging and convulsing around me as I entered her throat. "Oh, shit," I said without thought, the sensation overwhelming me. It was going to happen. She was going to do it. I pressed my eyelids together, letting my cock enjoy what my brain could not.

"Al," I husked out. She worked harder, bobbing and sucking and swallowing with everything she had, her body shaking with the effort, or

with the horror. I couldn’t think about it. Instead, with a yell of despair and pleasure warped together, I came in her mouth.

I orgasmed into my sister’s mouth, hating every inch of myself as I poured into her, trembling when she didn’t pull away for a second, like she was catching her breath.

Then clear white fluid splattered across her cheek from the side and she gasped, yanking her head back in horror. Hunter had his cock out, pointed at her, and another rope of cum shot from his slit and onto Alice’s face.

Alice reacted fast, leaping up and forward, trying to tackle him. It was a panic, chaos and shouting, but it lasted just a fucking second before he had her hair in his grasp and the knife through her hand, cut deep into her skin.

She screamed, the sound rising higher as he ripped the blade free, his anger raging through his body language, stiff and boiling. “You fucking bitch!” he shouted in her face, throwing her away from him so she fell across the floor in a heap. “I swear to fucking god if there isn’t still cum in your mouth I’m going to make you lick the toilet bucket clean every night!” He pulled her up by her hair, dragging her back to me.

Fear paralyzed me, too scared to move.

“Show me your tongue,” he demanded, and she spat at him, a glob of semen landing on his cheek.

“Fuck you!” she shrieked, breathing fast.

Everything froze, Hunter’s eyes awash with dark contemplation. She was… dangerous. For us all. Fucking sister and her temper.

“Lick it off me, lick it off me and push it into your brother’s mouth, or I’ll cut off his hand.”

“Don’t do it,” I said, feeling utterly useless.

With harsh eyes and blood pouring from her palm, Alice squashed into Hunter, tugged his face down and licked the cum from his cheek with as little touch to his skin as possible. Then she turned to me, not looking me in the eye as she pressed her lips to mine again.

“Don’t forget to open wide,” Hunter teased, and Alice coaxed my lips apart, her tongue poking out to brush against mine. I tasted salt, musk, as she passed my cum to me. It made me want to vomit, and my stomach revolted, churning. When thick fingers moved in between us, swiping at Alice’s cheek, then pushing against where our lips met, I gagged. Hunter shoved his cum-covered fingers against our tongues, laughing.

“You get to taste me, too,” he said. “For being so disruptive.”

I grabbed Alice and kissed her harder, desperately trying to show her it was okay, that I was okay. It was a communication as my tongue caressed against hers, an apology when I softened my lips and tried to make her feel good in this hellhole. An attempt to make her forget where we were when I stroked her waist.

Alice sighed, moved her hands to cling to my front, let her body fall further into mine. Comfort. Love for each other.

“Perfect,” Hunter said, pulling our attention back to where we were, like a rush of boiling water over our heads. “Look at you two, enjoying yourselves.”

I pulled away from Alice and looked down at her, trying to convey what I couldn’t say.

“Let’s get you a bandage,” Hunter sighed.

OceanofPDF.com

7

Alice

ASHER HELD ME CLOSE to his warm body as Hunter wrapped a bandage around my injured hand. He'd left for a few minutes, returning with a whole medical kit and a glass of orange juice for me to sip - to get my blood sugars up, he said. It was oddly domestic. He still didn't let me use that awful bucket, but I drank the juice down regardless, wincing through the pain as he dabbed antiseptic on my wound. When I offered some juice to Asher, Hunter shot me a warning glare. Asher shook his head anyway, his mouth tight.

We remained silent the entire time Hunter tended to me, Asher's fingers brushing my upper arm to soothe, but no words said. We'd shared a womb. We didn't always need words. There just weren't any. I'd… Hunter had made me… my jaw still ached.

And the worst thing about it, the thing fucking me up the most, if I could ignore the situation, that it was under duress and my hand was gushing blood. I'd enjoyed it. The flavor of my brother's cock on my tongue hadn't repulsed me like it should. In that moment, the darkest seconds of it when I sucked and felt him shudder, my belly had warmed. Deep down, my body responded to it. Through the pain, through the horror. And I couldn't stand to look at him now. He touched me with such open care, and I struggled not to flinch.

“How’s the bladder doing, Al?” Hunter asked, using Asher’s nickname for me as he tightened the bandage and dropped my hand by my side. I scowled at him, fighting the urge to shove him. It hurt, the need to piss. The pressure in my bladder was intense, but I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction. He smirked, and I wanted to unravel the bandage from my hand and tighten it round his fat fucking neck.

Hunter narrowed his eyes at me, goading me, and I glared back. “Get on your knees, big brother,” he said to Asher, still staring at me. “It’s your turn.”

“No!” Asher blurted, the horror on his face painful. I gulped, squeezed my fists by my side and tried to imagine Asher between my legs, his tongue on my pussy. Tried to make it pleasurable, desirable, not something to have me screaming and crying and causing untold trauma. Sucking his cock hadn’t been as bad as I thought. With my eyes shut and my sensible brain switched off, it was any cock, any man. The weight of it, the warmth, the flavor, none of it was so bad.

At least, I tried to tell myself that. When I looked up and saw who the cock belonged to, my heart had lurched. But now, my thoughts were consumed by my aching bladder, the fact that the bucket in the corner wasn’t looking so terrible… Still, I squeezed my muscles, refusing to release. The pain focused me. The urge gave me something else to pay attention to other than my sobbing brother falling to his knees, resignation on his face.

Hunter looked wicked, his eyes going heavy at the sight, at the twisted things he was making us do. “I’ll chop her hand off next time, you pathetic pussy-licker,” Hunter said, almost sing-songy, like he was high on fucking life. All his dreams coming true.

Hunter moved behind me when Asher stayed still, on his knees with his head bowed, refusing to glance up. I yelped when Hunter’s hands pulled me into his body, his fingers roaming down my torso to tug up the t-shirt, revealing my pussy to my brother. Hunter roamed, holding the fabric up with one hand, and brushing along my sensitive skin with the other, tickling my stomach, before pushing down to my thigh and scooping my leg up, forcing me open, making my pussy lips spread wider. It must have looked obscene.

“Lick, twin,” Hunter commanded. “Bury your face in that dirty pussy before she can’t take it any more and pisses. See if you can beat her

bladder.” He paused for a moment as I adjusted to one foot, stumbling into him and wincing when his cock rested on my spine, already hardening back up. “If you don’t, you’ll be licking up every drop. No more water today. Just your sister’s piss.”

My eyes squeezed together in disgust, my bladder screamed at me, so sensitive and a hair pin’s trigger away from bursting. But Asher must have seen the truth in Hunter’s gaze, because he stopped looking at our captor and shuffled closer, closer, until his warm breath brushed over my pussy lips. I think we were both giving up, accepting our fate.

“Asher…” I muttered, braced wide by our shared demon, but eyes only for my twin in that moment.

“Don’t worry, Alice,” Asher responded, making me gasp when his fingers pushed between my lips to spread them, exposing my pinkness and my clit. Asher watched it, studied it with a furrowed brow. Hunter at my back, his breathing picked up as he observed, rapt, over my shoulder. “I’m going to make it feel good,” Asher finished, then his tongue touched my clit, and despite every taboo voice, every dark thought and twisted rejection, I reacted with a gasping moan.

He swirled his tongue, trying to drive me to the edge fast as my bladder made me squirm and clench. The need to squeeze my thighs together warred with the urge to open myself wider, to let Asher in deeper. The pressure was intense in my belly as Asher worked. His tongue was rough against my soft flesh, and I decided to sink. To let it happen. We could deal with the consequences if we ever escaped this place. But in here? With Hunter? It was all we could do to survive. If I focused on how he made me feel, I could ignore everything else.

“More,” I sighed, making both men groan. Asher pushed deeper into me, burying his nose between my lips and probing his tongue into my hole, fucking me with it as I lost my balance and fell harder into Hunter. His fingers were so close to Asher’s face, digging into my thigh as he held it up. His other moved upward, cupping my tit and finding pointed nipples.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you, dirty little slut?” Hunter whispered in my ear, a chuckle on his breath as I shook, the intensity building in my gut. “Use your hands, brother.”

“You’re sick,” I cried, my head flopping back onto his chest when Asher obliged, moaning into my skin as he pushed one finger into my pussy, twisting it to find that extra-sensitive spot deep inside. His tongue was

relentless, and I had no desire to confirm what I thought I'd seen at a glance. I didn't want to know for certain that this was turning him on.

"Not as sick as your brother on his knees," Hunter replied, still massaging my tit. He let go of my thigh, but rested it on his arm as he grabbed the back of Asher's head and held him by his hair, controlling his movements, pushing his face so deep into me it almost hurt. But the bite of pain as Asher's nose dug into my pubic bone was a distraction. The pinch of my nipples, the way Asher pressed at my clit, the unnatural way my leg was bent. "Look at him, hard for his sister's pussy juice, flowing all down his chin. Does it taste good, dirty boy?"

Asher growled something muffled into me, making Hunter laugh despite it being unintelligible.

"Maybe he does want to taste your piss too?" he said, his voice teasing and playful as he rubbed his clothed cock against my bare ass. "What do you think?"

"No!" I cried as my orgasm began to build, the intensity in my bladder screaming as I squeezed and fought the urge to release. I couldn't believe it. That Asher was going to do it. Send me over the edge with his tongue and finger buried inside me. "No!" I cried again when Hunter rested his hand on my stomach, threatening. The quicker the better. The sooner this would be over.

Hunter laughed and used Asher's hair to make his face move up and down, and, finally, at fucking last, I exploded, coming hard with shuddering, wailing pulses with Asher's tongue continuing to work me, almost like he didn't want to pull away. He kept groaning, sucking and licking at me, taking it too far, making my clit ache and my bladder scream.

"Ash!" I gasped, trying to get back, but Hunter held us pinned together. Using his enormous strength to hold me between their bodies, the tension and sweat and fire between us burning hotter and hotter until I almost couldn't handle any more. I was going to piss, my bladder was about to give up and flood everywhere. It was humiliating, it was horrifying, it was—

"Look down," Hunter muttered in my ear, his voice almost too quiet to hear. But I did as he said without question, and the sight rendered me frozen.

Asher's mouth moved to my thigh, sucking the sensitive skin there, groaning as he used Hunter's foot to get himself off. He was rubbing his crotch against the toe of Hunter's shoe, which Hunter had thrust between

my legs at some point. Asher wasn't just suffering through this, he was getting off on it.

My orgasm crested again at the sight of him reaching his own peak, moving his hips with a ferocity that looked painful.

"Look at your brother, so horny for you he can't stop himself. So horny he can come again so soon. Isn't that special, sister?" Hunter's teasing had me wild, shocked, my eyes wide open and terrified as I watched Asher lose himself. It was like he couldn't hear our words, wasn't aware of what he was doing.

"Bend down and kiss him," Hunter commanded. "Taste yourself."

Hunter released my body and I tipped forward, letting my leg fall on the other side of Hunters, so he could continue working my brother's cock with his shoe. His shaft looked red, almost painful as the head rubbed on Hunter's leather, but he was so, so hard. Asher only had a second to react before my lips fell onto his and my tongue pushed into his mouth.

His groan was so deep it felt transcending, and he kissed me back with ferocity, our teeth clashing, our tongues swirling together as my taste spread between us. Fuck, sensing him shudder, his breathing pick up, the way he tensed and relaxed… it felt right. A means to connect in this hellhole. It was what our captor wanted, but we could gain from it too. Sanity. Or maybe insanity. But perhaps that was preferable.

"Ohh," Asher gave a deep moan, then stilled, moaning and sighing as he came. I broke away from the kiss to watch his cum spurt all over Hunter's black boot, the white liquid spurting from the head of his cock beautifully. I wanted to lick it, to taste him again.

At that moment, I wondered when I'd broken inside as I found myself sinking to my knees beside my brother, kissing him again and muttering how much I loved him. He rested his forehead against mine, tears spilling down his cheeks as we soaked in what we'd just done. Coercion, yes, but at some point we had stopped fighting it at every turn and given ourselves over.

"You look beautiful," Hunter told us. "Look at my gorgeous twins on the floor at my feet. I think you know what I need you to do next…" He tapped his cum-covered boot and raised his eyebrows. He really was a stunning man, with his gruffness and his dark, almost feral demeanor. There was something about him I trusted to follow through on his word. I believed him when he promised suffering.

Asher took my hand as we bent down and licked Hunter's boot, swiping through the cum as it settled on the musky leather. Sucking up the droplets before they ran to the floor. My bladder ached, and I didn't know if I'd make it to the bucket once I moved, but I didn't stop, I didn't stop until Asher's cum was gone from Hunter's boot, until it was sparkling clean like I knew he wanted. When my tongue brushed against Asher's, my veins tingled.

Hunter stroked my cheek, then Asher's. "You've both been so good," he told us, and I squeezed my eyes shut, my entire body, down to a cellular level, begging for change, for freedom, for the last few days to not have happened. But the quiet part that yearned to give up the fight? It was winning.

Hunter looked at Asher. "Give me a kiss and I'll take her to a proper bathroom. She can shower and everything."

"No," Asher said fast, snapping out of his daze. "I'll never see her again if you take her away, I know it."

Hunter shook his head and stepped back when Asher clambered to stand. "Now, you know I wouldn't want to do that, when I have two such pretty creatures at my feet to play with. Kiss me for your sister, show her how much you care."

Asher grabbed Hunter, and with a furious growl, forced himself onto the other man, smashing their lips together in an angry, rough kiss. I watched them in shocked awe, the way the two masculine beings moved, waging a war with their tongues and teeth.

Hunter reciprocated with as much fierceness, if not more, grabbing my brother's chin and squeezing until his mouth fell wide open. I couldn't tear my gaze away as they stared into his other's eyes, speaking a conversation just between themselves.

"She tastes good," Hunter told Asher, then forced my brother lower to dribble a line of spit into his mouth. Asher swallowed, then Hunter shoved him back.

Appearing a little shaken, but masking it well, Hunter scooped me up and flung me over his shoulder, my bladder landing right on the hard bone and muscle. I yelled out in surprise, and it took everything in me not to let my urine flow all over his chest as we walked. But freedom was closer.

He carried me to the door, before turning to face Asher one more time. "She'll be back squeaky clean and empty in no time," he teased, before

stepping over the threshold of the dank dungeon and into a dark hallway, leaving Asher on his own. Separating us. My body yearned for my twin, the pain growing with each step away.

Shit. I knew I needed to play the game just a little longer. But I was starting to wonder whether it was a game at all.

OceanofPDF.com

8

Hunter

THE TWINS WERE PERFECT.

Since I'd finally laid eyes on them six months ago, I knew they were going to be mine. Stalking them online was no longer enough, so I started following them, standing on the edge of their lives while I plotted our future.

It was enough for a while, then meddling in their lives became a necessity. They'd been there in the corners of my brain for a long time, but seeing them? Seeing them, touching them, hurting them… it was all worth it. I had to reveal my face earlier than planned because their father didn't believe it was me behind the mask. My name on their lips hadn't been enough. He thought I'd be too scared, that I was still the same person he knew. But fuck him. I grinned up at that camera while I abused his children, my entire face on display for his pleasure.

Two days ago, in quick and easy succession, my plan came to a head, and I took them both. It was simple. I followed them back from their parents' house, and when Asher dropped his sister at the side of the road, not even waiting to see her get safely inside, my decision was made about who to grab first. He walked past me without a second glance after parking his car and strolling to his building, nose buried in his phone. Didn't even flinch

when I picked up my steps behind him. He fell asleep so beautifully when I choked him.

And I need not have panicked about how I'd get his sister – because I did require them both for my plan to unfold as beautifully as I imagined. That was the point of all this. Twins. Pain. Vengeance.

No, Alice stumbled from a bar, drunk and angry, less than twenty-four hours later. I played with her fear before capturing her, but it was oh so sweet when I did. She too, just like her brother, fell for me perfectly. Her body resisted for mere moments before she succumbed. That resistance was delicious.

And now she was over my shoulder, squeezing her thighs together so she didn't piss her pretty little pussy all over me. I smirked and smacked her ass, and she cried out. Was it in pleasure or pain? A desire for more or dread over what was next? It all meant the same to me. I'd fuck them up as good as I had been.

I knew she was watching as I locked her brother into the basement room and climbed the stairs to the main house. She grew quiet as she took in each step, every turn and door we passed through. My Alice was clever. I'd watched her for long enough to have picked up on that. She would be biding her time, taking it all in, ready for the escape she didn't truly want. I saw the way she'd come for me, the whirring of her brain as she tried to plot a way out. It was part of what made her so perfect.

I'd learned everything about her. Right down to the kind of porn she masturbated to when she thought she was alone. It never went any further than the typical step-brother fucks his step-sister, but I knew. I knew what she wanted. I was just giving it to her. To both of them. Hacking into their lives had been my greatest pleasure.

I slapped her ass, made sure the cheeks jiggled good and proper as we reached the bathroom. Touching her, touching both of them, got me harder than a steel beam and hornier than a teenager seeing tits for the first time.

Standing in the center of the small room, the shower to my left, the toilet to my right, and a window ajar before me, I weighed up my options.

"Please, Hunter, I'm going to burst," Alice cried, her tone full of fury and anguish. She didn't even notice the open window, the breeze against her ass cheeks.

"Ah, I just don't think you've done enough for me…" I teased. "I'm not sure you deserve the toilet."

“Fuck you,” she spat, trying to lash out at me, but it jostled her body, and she whimpered from the change in pressure. “I can’t—”

I squeezed her torso tight on my shoulder. “You let even a drop of that piss out and I’ll staple your lips together.” I paused. “And don’t think it won’t be the ones between your legs.”

She gulped in a cry, and I grinned as her body tensed further still. The temptation to shove my fingers into her pussy, to play with it and drive her to madness, was so fucking intense I almost did it. But instead, I slammed her to the floor, smirking when she squirmed and cried. “Crawl to the toilet,” I demanded, determined to break her down. She would only accept what was going to happen if she broke. If they both did. Then they would be mine.

He’d broken me. Now it was their turn.

“Crawl, bitch,” I repeated, shoving her ass with my foot, making her tumble forward. From this angle, with her on her knees, I could see her pussy peeking through her thighs, so pink and puffy, shiny with wetness. My mouth watered as she straightened up and crawled the short distance to the toilet. And once she was there, she stayed, waited for my command. “I’ve changed my mind.”

She let out a shocked cry, bordering on anger and frustration, but held most of her distress in. Her fists tightened and her muscles tensed, and I watched her desperate pussy squeeze as she tried to hold onto her bladder. Fuck, to see her piss herself… the humiliation she would feel… I needed to put a camera in here and recreate this. Leaving the basement was off script. This was just for me.

“Get in the shower, remove the shirt.” My voice was cold, but inside I was on fire as she followed my commands. My cock ached behind my zipper, and I knew it wouldn’t be long until I claimed her body. Took both of theirs for my own. She crawled to the shower without my asking and rose to stand, her limbs stiff as she ripped the shirt over her head.

I’d seen her naked when I changed her, stripped her clothes away and replaced them with the same plain white shirt her brother wore, but this seemed different, like she was presenting herself to me. Beautiful. She wasn’t bony, with full thighs, heavy tits and a gentle, rounded stomach. She had hair thatched above her pussy and stretch marks showing fast growth at the top of her thighs. Her dark hair flowed down over her shoulders,

tickling at her pink nipples. And her face… her expression was filled with hatred, tight mouth, hard eyes, head tipped down.

I gestured with a tilt of my chin for her to climb into the shower, and after a second too long, she did, giving me a view of her plush ass and dimpled lower back.

“Turn and face me,” I told her, and again, she waited a beat longer than polite before she did, whirling to stare at me and burn me with that hatred. “Because of that look in your eye, I’m not going to let you do it with the shower on.” I paused. “Piss.”

Our eyes locked, a play of defiance and dominance. If I poked her in the stomach, she’d wet herself. She was that close to exploding. I had the control. She just needed to see it. Learn it. Accept it.

When her stream broke, pouring down both her legs in heavy rivulets, my grin spread wide.

She groaned, unable to hide it, and her eyes fluttered as she poured herself free, the liquid pooling at her feet in a pale yellow puddle. Fuck, it was humiliating for her, and it made my balls ache with need. I squeezed my crotch as I watched.

As she finished, her gaze came back to me, expectant and anxious. I stepped closer, moving until we were almost face to face, her a fraction higher than before because of the small raise the shower gave her. Her eyes were glassy, blown out, submissive. I reveled in it.

Then something switched, a shutter over her gaze, and before I could react, she spat in my face. “Fuck you,” she growled, before slamming me in the throat with the heel of her healthy hand. Sharp pain slammed into me, sent me stumbling in surprise. But only for a moment.

She tried to hit me again, reeling back for another swing, but she’d lost her only chance at surprise. I grabbed her wrist mid-air and twisted it, bending her body until she screamed out in agony, her arm seconds from popping out of the socket.

“Stop,” I demanded, holding her on the precipice, squeezing at her flesh with one hand, using my other to force her forward.

She struggled, stamped on my booted foot with her bare sole, and bucked, trying to get free. It was all futile, so I let her have at it for a minute, enjoying the way she felt while the pain in my throat petered out. Nothing a whiskey wouldn’t fix.

Again, I waited for the moment I sensed her giving up, the second before she caved, before shoving her to the bottom of the shower.

“Do you know what naughty bitches get?” I asked, crowding over her, curving my body over hers and forcing her face into the floor, into her puddle of piss. “They get their shame rubbed all over their face.”

“Stop!” she cried, her voice hoarse and desperate. I ground my hard cock against her ass, wishing there was no fabric between us. But that time would come. I had something else in mind for now, for her punishment. She would learn.

I stood up and pressed into her back with my foot, holding her steady with her cheek squashed to the floor, then, with her wrestling, I yanked my cock free and aimed it at her head.

Releasing a stream of warm urine into her hair was tricky with an erection, but the view was worth it. She screamed and spluttered, struggled and fought as I pissed over her, watching it soak her hair, run over my shoe and down her cheeks. She squeezed her lips together and clamped her eyes shut as it poured over her face.

“This is what stupid bitches get,” I reminded her, as my stream slowed to a few final drips. I gave my dick a shake, then tucked it away, removing my foot from her head and sinking back down behind her, my knees landing in the piss puddle, soaking through the denim. She didn’t move, only sobbed.

“Lick it up,” I said, shoving her face harder into the cold tile, using her hair for traction to rub her cheek into the yellow pool. “Suck up our piss. It’s all the water you’ll be getting for, oh, I don’t know, two days? Maybe three? Best get as much as you can now.”

Her free arm flailed before her hand slapped onto the floor and she tried to push herself up, but I put more weight onto her back, dry fucking her, slamming my hips into her while she cried and fought. Her cheeks reddened, her eyes scrunched shut, her entire body washed with chills, and her lips pressed together so tight they’d turned white.

I wrestled with her fighting form until my hand was on her jaw, and I squeezed, forcing her mouth to open. “Lick up our piss, little slut, or I’ll take your brother’s ass.” She cried. “How do you think it will feel for an anal virgin like him to have a cock go in raw?”

Her sobs grew, the weight of my words washing over her. And finally, she opened her mouth, letting me squeeze her cheeks until she winced in pain. “Do it,” I spat, and she did.

She poked her tongue out, swiping through the dwindling puddle, half of it now down the drain, and sobbed when the taste struck. She gagged through her tears, and I moved my free hand to her pussy to rub her clit, cupping her with my palm and playing with her slick folds as she sucked and slurped up the piss, crying and moaning, her thighs shaking, her eye screwed shut, her body convulsing like a cat with a hairball.

"That's a good girl," I muttered. "You being a good girl for your daddy? Take it all, beautiful, ride my hand…"

She didn't move her hips, so I rubbed with more aggression, pressing into her clit, driving two fingers deep inside her, braced above her, crowding her, watching her pink tongue lick the floor while her walls fluttered and squeezed around me. Bitch was going to come. I fucked her harder with my hand, curving my fingers inside her, rubbing against her walls, forcing her greedy pussy to explode on me. Witnessing her body betray her was a beautiful thing.

When the beginnings of her orgasm began, with shaking thighs and a slackening face, I stopped. Yanked my hand out of her pussy and slapped it, hard. Twice. She screamed, buckled forward and sobbed.

"Dirty bitch," I growled at her, standing and looming above her, prone and naked, watching as her ruined orgasm dropped away, as I made it clear to her what her body had almost done for me. The shame, the betrayal, the desperation. "You think you get to spit on me and fight me and you're still allowed to come? Whore. Your dirty body is so fucking desperate."

She continued to cry, curling in on herself, drawing her knees up, right there in the shower. She was breaking. My chest warmed.

I was going to win.

OceanofPDF.com

9

Asher

ALICE RETURNED FROM THE bathroom, dragged by the hair and completely naked, sticky with urine and sobbing. She wouldn't talk to me, nor look at me. She curled up on the thin mattress on her side of the room, wordless, as Hunter tied her up by her ankle again, and appeared to fall asleep soon after he left. He didn't say anything to me either, but rubbed his crotch when our eyes caught, promising hell.

That was hours ago, maybe even a full night ago. Time was untrackable down here, and Hunter had delivered no food to help pace the day. Despite the gnawing ache in my empty stomach and the dryness of my throat, my mind was elsewhere. On my sister, who refused to tell me what had happened despite my begging. Whatever that fucker had done would be coming back tenfold, it had to. Life couldn't end like this. But like Alice, I'd decided to suppress my anger and pain, wait for the right moment to strike.

We had to. I wouldn't let her die down here. Or turn into his pet, play thing, whatever his intentions were.

"Alice, please," I attempted again, calling out to her through the shadowy room. We didn't even have any light. The bulb in the center of the room hadn't come on yet – which made me think it wasn't quite morning. Alice's breathing hitched, so I knew she was awake, but she failed to react. I

crawled to the middle of the room and tried to get to her, but I just fucking couldn't. "Please tell me what he did. I'm begging you, Al, tell me." Still nothing, so I shouted, "ALICE!"

She jolted, but didn't turn, so I bellowed her name again, yelled "Alice, Alice, Alice," until my voice was hoarse and aching. He wasn't breaking her, it wasn't happening. I would be her strength if he took hers away. We could get through anything together.

I was so focused on her, it was no surprise I didn't hear the door open, nor the hurried footsteps until they were right behind me. Fingers clawed into my scalp and tugged me back by my hair, dragging me across the room, making me gasp and cry out.

Hunter stood above me, his face a deep scowl. "Leave her alone," he grunted at me. "I was saving this as a punishment for her, but I think you need a little telling off for disturbing your sister. She's recovering."

"What the fuck—" I blurted, wrestling myself free of him and standing, facing him straight on. "She's recovering from whatever the fuck *you* did to her. Let her go. You can have me however you want, but let her go. This has gone far enough."

Hunter laughed, threw his head back and fucking guffawed at my words. My fists clenched, and he paused, looking down at my hands before trailing up to my face. "Before you hit me, ask your sister what punishment you'll receive. It backfired on her in spectacular fashion."

She hit him? I glanced at her, a rise of pride warming my chest for a moment. She still faced the wall, but I could tell she was paying attention now. Her shoulders stiffened, her breathing stuttered. I returned my gaze to Hunter, and when I caught him smirking, I smirked back.

"I hope she made it hurt," I whispered, taking some of her boldness for myself. She was always the loud mouth, the one challenging things and making her unhappiness known. But she wasn't doing it now. "I hope it made you feel weak, if only for a moment."

Hunter's grin widened, satisfaction and excitement causing his eyes to twinkle in the dark.

"Oh, you're making this so much better," Hunter said with a smirk, stepping closer to me. I didn't back down. Not even as he ran his fingers over my cheek, or when he cupped my jaw, tilted my face and licked a long, hot line up my neck, before biting my earlobe. "If you don't do as I say," he

whispered in my ear, sending a shiver through me. “I’ll do to her what I’m about to do to you instead.”

His grip on me tightened, and as horror rippled through me, he shoved me back to my knees, his crotch level with my face. I recoiled away from it on instinct, fighting his grasp, but he only laughed.

“Oh, poor thing,” he teased. “It wouldn’t be a good enough punishment if I let you get me wet first. No, there’ll be no spit-soaking tonight. Now turn around, show me your ass.”

“What?” I blurted, my fear showing. I couldn’t… not that… My stomach squeezed with the thought.

“Show me your ass, little brother, or I’ll fuck hers.”

It was hopeless. Fury made my eyes water, my nose heat. Was there anyway out of this without both of us being destroyed? Hunter watched me with open expectation, relishing in my decision. Of course, I wouldn’t willingly have him touch her. But…

“You might even enjoy it,” he added, encouraging me.

A sob came from across the room, but Alice didn’t turn over, didn’t offer me anything. She was frozen, stuck in whatever nightmare he’d put her in.

So, with reluctance so intense it made my muscles feel like thick soup, I turned around, settled onto my elbows and knees and scrunched my face up when the air shifted behind me, Hunter sinking between my legs.

“Beautiful boy,” he soothed, running his hands up my thighs, cupping my ass cheeks and massaging them. I needed to go elsewhere in my mind, let this happen without it breaking me. Breaking her. I shivered when his thumb brushed over my asshole. “Fuck, you’re so tight. I might not be able to get in with no preparation.” He pressed the very tip of his thumb against my hole and I jolted from the pain of the stretch. “You ever taken anything in here?” he asked, and I shook my head. “Not even a finger when a girl is sucking you off? I know you’re not gay or bi, but a slippery finger can feel fucking amazing… it’s for the straights, too.” He stopped for a moment, withdrew his hand. “Here, because you’re being such a good boy…” A pause, then his finger returned, slick with something, probably his spit, and pushed into my ass.

“Ah!” I cried, bucking forward at the sensation. *Go somewhere else, be in a dream, imagine this happening because you want it to…*

He moved his finger in and out of me, making noises of satisfaction, using his other hand to roam over my body, pushing the shirt up higher.

“Beautiful boy…” he repeated, and I let the words rush over me. He was being gentle. Maybe if I stayed this way, docile and receptive, he wouldn’t change. I could switch off, separate body from mind. He might be gentle, then.

I heard him slick another finger with his spit and return to my hole with two, stretching me wider around his digits as he drove them in and out. The sensation was intense, painful, and probing in a way I despised. I’d had no intention of allowing this man to force himself into my body, but I’d do it willingly for her.

“How does it feel?” he asked, and smacked my ass when I failed to answer, scissoring his fingers out to push the stretch to a deeper pain. “Answer me!”

“Painful!” I cried back, my voice wobbling despite trying to hold it together. It made my skin and muscles awash with shivers, excruciating aches from the tip of my hair right down to my toes. The small intrusion, the force, the humiliation.

He laughed as he removed his fingers again and rustled around behind me. I didn’t dare look to see what he was doing in the shadows between my legs.

“You know,” he said, the distinct sound of jacking a cock filling the room, wet, repeating, skin on skin. “I was angry when I decided to do this, and it was only your sister’s stupid floppiness that put me off.” He grunted. “You would have got this ten times worse if she wasn’t so fucking out of it over there.” He grabbed my hair, forcing my spine into an unnatural bend. “I want her to watch. To be involved. *Help*, even. Join the fuck in.” He crowded over me, his fist bumping into my back as he jacked himself off, pressed against me, the head of his cock touching my skin. “Do you think we can get her there? Joining in? Do you think she’ll help me rape her brother to avoid being raped herself?”

I cried, tears streaming down my face, from his words and from the visions he was putting in my mind, from the discomfort of the bend in my body. Everything went foggy as he bit my ear, grunting and groaning and panting. Skin burst, blood oozing from the wound on my lobe, seeping down my neck and into his mouth. “Please stop!” I begged.

“Say it,” he demanded, his breathing fast and hitching, his hand moving rapidly up his shaft. “Say it or I’ll make you take this.” He pressed his cock

against my ass, the warm, blunt head making my muscles contract as I fought against him.

“Would you let yourself be raped to save her?” he questioned. “Say it!”

“No!” I screamed, my heart breaking. “Never! Never. Please.”

“Do you want my cock?” he asked, ignoring my answer as the tension built to a boil. “Are you hard for me?”

“NO!” I bellowed, fighting against him, my muscles strained to breaking, my spine straining, my knees scraping the floor and my ass burning from his earlier intrusion. His cock still sat there, not pushing, only promising pain.

“If I reach around and grab your cock, will it be hard or soft?” he asked, his voice dropping low, just for me. He licked my ear again, groaning as more blood poured onto his tongue.

“Soft,” I muttered. “Soft.”

His hand released my neck, and I stayed up on my knees, slumping back against his body, resting my back against his front. Weakness consumed me. I didn’t move as he roamed my torso, hands skating over my chest, my stomach, his cock pressing into my lower back, his hips writhing as he rubbed it against my spine.

I gasped, and he laughed when his hand wrapped around my stiff cock. “Looks like you’re ready to blow,” he muttered in my ear. “Shall I let sister know?”

“Please don’t,” I cried, my voice as low as his.

“Make us both come and I won’t,” he soothed, stroking my shaft, his hands warm and rough as they worked me up and down, squeezing tighter at the end. “You’re even leaking for me,” he sighed. “You’re so good for me. Turn around.”

I shuffled so I was facing him, and he pulled me closer so our legs tangled together, our cocks touching. I squeezed my eyes shut until he forced them back open with a gentle slap on my cheek. “Make us both come,” he told me again, keeping his voice so low I could barely hear him. “Wrap your hand around both of us, finish us together, and I’ll leave for the rest of the day.”

My eyes wouldn’t stray from his as I did what he asked, grasping both our cocks together and squeezing. I was hard. I couldn’t believe it. It seemed impossible, but like with Alice, my body had betrayed me. This man… he warped us in ways I would never have imagined possible.

“Sink into it, beautiful,” he encouraged, grunting when I rubbed both our heads, gathering pre-cum on my thumb and dragging it down. “Forget where we are, fuck us both to the peak… sink…”

His words washed over me, his voice soothing as I moved, my hand stretching to accommodate us both. I’d never touched another man’s cock before, never jacked one off, but it didn’t feel as strange as I thought. I let the pleasure win over, deciding that I’d already faced enough trauma. This could be another addition to the messed up pile to face if we ever escaped.

“Fuck, Asher,” Hunter groaned, his head falling onto my shoulder, where he began mouthing at my skin. “I want your tongue on mine when I come.”

“Do it,” I whimpered, pushing into his touch, the way his tongue licked at my sensitive flesh, sending shivers across my entire body as my balls squeezed. I was close. He needed to be too. Fuck, the extra sensation of his cock against mine was doing things to me I never knew I was missing. If I could just sink…

“Stick it out,” he demanded, and I did, my lips falling open, tongue poking into the dark without a thought in my head, just craving and need. He kissed his way up my neck, along my jaw, and sucked my tongue into his mouth in one hard movement, sending tingles rippling through my veins.

It wasn’t a kiss, it was a claiming. He used his teeth to hold onto my tongue and grunted, breaths heavy from his nose as he came hard. Spurts of his cum flooded over my hand, slicking us both up, and I exploded, too. My balls emptying all over both of us as I fought not to cry out, whimpering against his mouth as he released my tongue and planted his lips on mine, kissing me deep as we rode through our orgasms together. Horrifying. Humiliating. Consuming.

We stayed pressed together as we sank back down, our breathing slowing in tandem, both of us hitching a breath when I let our softening cocks loose, holding my cum-covered hand at an angle. I kept sinking, coming down from the high, passing normal and going deeper, switching off.

Hunter kissed me again before leaning away, his gaze almost warm, enough that I could forget for a moment where we were, what I’d just done and with who. He looked at my hand in the dark, then back at me.

“Eat that up and I’ll leave,” he muttered, before kissing me on the nose and standing, his spent cock dangling in front of my face, a bead of cum hanging from the tip. I watched as he tucked himself into his jeans and

crossed his arms over his chest. “Eat it. It’s all the sustenance you’ll be getting today…” He looked in thought for a moment. “Might want to share some with your sister. It’s all either of you will get. Don’t waste.”

His gaze moved across the room, and with a jump, I looked over too, remembering we weren’t alone in this. Alice was watching, curled up, but facing us, her eyes wide in the dark. How long had she been with us? Observing my darkest shame? *Sink further. Lose yourself.*

My eyes stayed locked with hers as I brought my hand to my mouth and licked the mixture of cum off, both mine and Hunter’s mingling into one as I sucked and cleaned my skin. It was salty, almost gloopy, but not unpleasant. But the burning gaze from Alice was unpleasant, fiery, even. Shared shame? A recognition of the darkness consuming us? I didn’t know.

But when I finished, all the cum down my throat, I pulled my gaze away from her to find Hunter gone.

I’d been so lost in her eyes I hadn’t heard him leave. Our captor, our master. *Sink…*

When I looked back at Alice, she was watching the door, her jaw tight. Was the only way out of this through his horror?

The numbness came with a welcomed wave, and I succumbed.

OceanofPDF.com

10

Alice

IT WAS EASIER NOW to pretend this was fine. Hunter was starving us, messing with us, twisting everything up in our brains until we were desperate for him. For each other. For any sensation or thought other than the hunger in our guts or the desperation of our situation.

I found it hard to let the care in anymore. It was on my periphery, banging on the doors of my mind, but just… not… sticking. Watching Hunter and Asher's quiet, intimate moments made the last of my fight disappear. They'd looked nothing like captive and captor. Asher didn't appear forced into anything. He enjoyed every touch, every lick and groan. Hunter acted with kindness towards him, not following through on threats, making him feel good. They had been two men enjoying each other's bodies, nothing more.

I'd heard the grunting, the pleading, and expected it to go even further, but Hunter took pity on my brother. Instead, giving him the orgasm he stole from me. What game was he playing with us? Though it was clear he had a plan, I just couldn't see it for what it was. Making our lives about baser needs. Sex, sustenance. Touch.

My gut still ached from what he'd done in the shower, from the buildup and ruined pleasure. The shame of those sensations, from the twisted up way I wanted one of them to come over and rip an orgasm from me. His

torture went deeper than just on my body. He was fucking up my mind in a way that was far, far worse.

The light came on with a flicker, glaring and sudden, maybe an hour after Hunter left the room, and Asher and I had no words for each other in the glow. The darkness had taken us both, and now we had to confront it. We were silent, going through the ringer in our own minds. The thought of having to discuss it, to let him know what I'd seen, that I watched him enjoy Hunter's touch, barely even fight it… to admit that whatever Hunter was doing was working. Shit.

Asher and I sat on our separate sides of the room, not ignoring each other, but not speaking. We just stared at the other twin. I studied Asher's face as he studied mine. Was he different? It was hard to decide. He might have done his trick, his ability to sink away when things were rough. I wanted to tell him it was okay, that Hunter had twisted me up too, that I'd enjoyed the humiliation he'd wreaked upon me, that the darkest parts of me craved the idea of exploring it more. But would Asher judge? Would he hate me? Was he even in there anymore?

I was learning the truth of myself down in this dungeon, and I didn't know if it was buried deep, only emerging now due to circumstance, or if it had always been there. I'd never had a sexual thought about my brother until we were down here, never considered I'd like being dominated in such a consuming way. But my body reacted and lusted and peaked for it.

"Asher?" I asked, breaking the hours of silence at last. He didn't reply, not until I begged him to. "Please," I whimpered. "Asher, talk to me."

"What the hell am I supposed to say?" he blurted, loud enough that it made me jump. He was still with me, then. "What the fuck is there, Al?"

I gasped in relief to hear his voice, so flooded with emotion. "You did what you had to—"

"I *liked* it," he admitted, before, as low as he could, "And I know you did too…"

My heart squeezed, and I dropped my head. We'd both seen the truth of the other. The truth of our reactions, our newfound desires. It sickened me. Who knew this depravity would be so easy to bring out? That it was so close under the surface of our skin.

"Ash, this is—"

"Stop."

I snapped my mouth shut, eyes wide and flooding with tears at the sight of him broken. “I want to touch you, Asher,” I confessed. “You are my other half and you’re all the way over there, *ashamed*, angry. I— I can’t cope.” The teardrops broke from my eyes, pouring down my cheeks and to the floor, flowing fast. “Please, Ash, please, comfort me? I need it.”

“Get over here,” his voice strained, sounding closer. “Al!”

I looked up, finding him in the center, reaching for me, angry and straining, almost rabid with his desperation to claw his way closer. The rope around his ankle squeaked from the pressure. I scrambled, raced across the small space to fall into his arms. His hands grasped me, squeezed me tight as I buried my face into his chest, breathing him in.

“Ash…” I sobbed, breathing in his comforting scent. He smelled like home. Like safety and love. It didn’t matter that down here, it had warped. This might be the only place we ever had now. This might be it.

So I tilted my head up, pulled his down, and kissed him hard. He sucked in a breath through his nose as my mouth smashed to his, then kissed me back, slowing me, pressing his gentle lips to mine. This was without force, tentative even, without Hunter looming over us and threatening, but it was the only thing I could come up with to bring my twin brother calm. We were together, only us.

We kissed with such a tenderness it hardly even felt sexual, just the warmth of two pairs of lips moving together, sharing love as he cupped my cheeks with his hands and deepened it. When I probed my tongue out, swiping across the seam of his lips, he groaned something guttural and opened, massaging my tongue with his.

Everything heated around us, between us, our touch burned, our lips grew more urgent, our teeth clacked, and we moved, shifting our bodies to get closer. It was everything I needed in the moment, a declaration of our love for each other. So what if it was twisting up down here? So what if we’d been manipulated and messed with? This, together, was our truth. Our path through the pain.

Asher’s hands drifted from my face to my hips to bring me even tighter against him, a moan from his throat telling me he was sinking as deep as I was into this. Hunter had to be watching. When he was down here, he looked up at the ceiling enough times that I was sure a camera captured this moment.

We didn’t stop. It didn’t go any further, but we didn’t stop. Even past the ache in my knees and the soreness of my lips, we kissed, touched and held each other until our tears slowed and our hearts pounded as one. Asher was my twin, my other half, the second part of my soul. And in those moments, where the line blurred and we leaped over it, I felt possessive of him. He was *mine*. Not Hunter’s. Not anyone else’s. I was going to fight for his freedom, for my own. And once we had it, we would face the darkness we’d formed together.

***

I dragged my mattress to the middle of the room and Asher and I laid on it together, still clinging to that solace we created. We didn’t discuss the kiss, but we never really ended it, either. I couldn’t stop touching him, brushing my fingers over his skin and shivering when he did the same to me. I knew every inch of him – well, almost all, and living in the comfort of that soothed my soul. His smell, the way his heart beat behind his ribs, the mumbles at the back of his throat. It had been by my side since before I was even born.

With my head tucked up under his arm, my cheek on his chest, we dozed. Our feet faced opposite directions, only our torsos on the thin mattress, but it was enough. He was enough to get me through.

He kissed the top of my hair. “How much longer do you think this is going to last?” he asked, staring up into the room. The ceiling was bare save for the lightbulb, and nothing lined the walls. No shelves, no furniture at all. I eyed the light fixture swinging just above our heads, the most obvious location of the camera. I wonder what Hunter considered of our kiss? Was he jealous?

“Until he’s done,” I muttered, staring the light down, hoping it was where the camera lay, that Hunter was looking right back at me through it. “Or until we overpower him.”

“You can’t talk like that, Al,” Asher sighed, his tone chiding even though he didn’t pause stroking my hair. “The things he’s already done…”

“Let him come, Ash,” I replied. “We have each other. It’s obvious he has no one if he has to steal us away and force us to fuck him. If he has to rape us to get his kicks, he’s a lonely fucking man with more strength than brains.”

Asher stayed silent for a moment, his fingers digging into my upper arm. “Please stop.”

“What do you think does it for him? The power or the taboo? Or a mixture of both?” My words were said to Asher, but aimed at wherever the camera lay. I hoped it was making Hunter furious. Belittling the depraved asshole as he’d tried to belittle me.

But he made a mistake in taking twins. Our bond was too tight, too strong – together we could face everything. We weren’t two halves of a whole, we were two wholes, forged together and unbreakable. He’d tried to fuck us up with twisted sexual games, but we relished in it. I would bend, break, do whatever it took to save Asher. And I knew he would do the same.

Hunter was fucked.

OceanofPDF.com

11

Asher

IT WAS TWO DAYS before Hunter came back for us again. A day longer than he'd said. I knew it was a punishment for Alice's words; the ones muttered just to me, but knowing Hunter would hear them. We didn't talk about his absence. Only suffered together. Hungry, cold, deprived of natural light and fresh air. The room stank with the scent of our bodies, from the bucket in the corner and the dankness of the space.

We also didn't kiss again, but I never stopped touching her. Somehow, the lack of food and water, the sensory depravation and the dragging, tense boredom of captivity was survivable with her skin against mine.

We guessed two days had passed because the lights went off and on, but no food, no water, ever appeared. Hunter was a ghost. The bucket filled up, a corner of the room we both ignored, but soon, we didn't even have anything to add to it. We were dried up husks, clawing to life with each other. Maybe Alice's words had been enough for him to leave us to rot? Maybe he was never coming back?

Our minds grew foggy, and we were both asleep, curled up together, when Hunter came into the room, throwing a bucket of cold water over our bodies, soaking through our thin shirts and wrecking the mattress as we woke with gasps.

“Wake the fuck up,” he said, scrunching his nose as he glared down at us. “Today is going to be a great day.”

“You’re letting us go?” Alice bit back, still groggy, sitting up and scowling. For some reason, neither of us reacted in fear of Hunter. We were wary of him, but the sight of him didn’t make me want to scream and run. It might have been acceptance. Something I dreaded to think. I was on a precipice of disappearing inside myself. Alice preserved my sanity, kept me myself, but…

Hunter laughed and thudded a sloshing bucket at our feet. “It’s fresh,” he said. “Drink up little doggies.”

Even though it was intentional to make us seem small, we both leaned over the bucket and scooped up the liquid, giving it a dubious glance before pouring it down our over-parched throats. It didn’t taste of anything but water, so we both guzzled more. I stopped when I felt sick, and Alice wasn’t far behind, using some of it to splash over her face, too. She had it worse. Her skin had been sticky with dried urine for days, now caked in dirt and muck from the floor too.

We’d grown used to each other’s smells, but fuck, it itched. I needed a shower. We both needed hot water and soap.

“You both look so pathetic slurping from a bucket like stupid pigs,” Hunter commented, kicking the bucket over. “It’s fucking hot.” He looked between us, both waiting for whatever fucked up thing he had planned. “Now, I’m going to give you access to my bathroom for ten entire minutes, but only once you’ve made me come.”

My stomach clenched, my heart dropped. Of course.

“What is it this time? What—” Alice started, but I hushed her.

“Don’t,” I murmured. “I’ll do it, whatever you ask.” I looked up at Hunter.

“Oh, you’ve misunderstood,” he said with a grin, moving his hands to his jogging bottoms to tug his half-hard dick out. “You’re both sucking it. At once. Don’t think I didn’t see that little display two days ago. I want to experience that. I want to watch that again, with my cock between your mouths.”

He looked at Alice, whose gaze promised murder. “Kiss your brother again, you perverted little slut,” he muttered. “Suck my cock and kiss your brother.”

Alice's eyes moved from him to me, narrowing as she bit her lip. In our silent twin way, we'd discussed this. We would let things go as far as they needed to go to get him distracted. Ten minutes in the bathroom, where Alice told me there was a window, wasn't something to pass up. A chance to escape, to see the sky, to clean ourselves. We would take whatever opportunities possible.

So I leaned over and kissed her, a dirty, fucked up kiss on my sister's plush lips, she moaned, Hunter moaned, and her tongue plunged against mine, rubbing and flicking, making my cock thicken up despite the messed up situation we were in. Something had shifted in my gut when I decided not to fight this anymore. It felt good. And any goodness we could grab down here meant a lot. It was sanity, light.

Alice groaned and attempted to deepen the kiss, but Hunter stepped closer and tried to push his shaft between our mouths. We had to let up a little to welcome him in, but we both did, like we were in true synch. If we gave him our all, he would be relaxed, distracted…

I brushed his cock with my lips, surprised to find the flavor not unpleasant, the texture nothing like I expected. I wasn't into men, or at least, I'd never met a man who turned my head, so I'd never thought about having a cock in my mouth. But then I'd never considered Alice in the ways I had before now.

This dungeon was warping me, because as Alice copied my movements, running her open mouth up and down the other side of Hunter's shaft, my cock throbbed and thickened with desire. Our eyes locked as we worked him together, and I saw the lust plain as day in her too. What the fuck was wrong with us.

"Oh shit, yes," Hunter groaned, "use your mouths, you dirty little twins. Which one of you is going to lick my balls?"

I didn't hesitate to duck down and flicker my tongue over his sack, saving Alice the job. Hunter's thighs shook as I did what I liked from women, sucking the balls into my mouth and rolling them with my tongue while Alice played with his cock head, they tasted musky, heady. The sensation wasn't unpleasant, and in other life I would enjoy it, relish the way it had him shuddering, even.

We worked in tandem, trying to be great to get it over with as fast as possible. Alice definitely kept us afloat, bobbing and sucking with fervor, and I found my mind drifting back to the blow job she'd been forced to give

me just days ago. Her warm throat, her wet tongue, my cock thrusting against it…

I let Hunter's balls fall from my mouth and nosed at the base of his shaft, at the same time grabbing Alice's hip, squeezing to let her know I was with her. Her eyelids fluttered, and she swallowed up Hunter's cock, slicking it up with saliva as she took as much as possible, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked.

"Jesus!" Hunter growled, yanking his cock away from us. We both chased it with our mouths, lost in our job. "You're going to make me come too fast, beautiful twin," he said to Alice, rubbing her spit soaked chin with his thumb, looking at her with an incongruous tenderness. Her eyes were glazed, satisfied. I wanted to touch her more, bring her pleasure. My fingers rubbed into the crevice where her hips met her stomach, and she shifted her weight, shooting me a curious glance.

Fuck it.

I kissed her, ignoring Hunter above us and plunging my tongue into her mouth, sharing his musky flavor. His cock, his balls, his pre-cum, all blended with the taste of us and, surprising me, made my erection thicken to full-mast. It wouldn't go unnoticed. We weren't wearing much, nothing to tuck the thing into. Shame on proud display.

"Oh," Hunter said, and his boot was there, resting over my erection. "Dirty boy, is it turning you on? Finding out you like cock? Is it cock, or is it your sister? Both? You enjoy keeping it in the family?" His tone shifted to one filled with such darkness it made my spine shiver. "You fuck your dad? He fuck you? Ruin you?"

My eyes squeezed shut at his questions, the darkness they washed over me, but I didn't stop kissing her. She grabbed me tighter, ignoring the way he was trying to humiliate us. Fuck him. He wouldn't. His words… I had to push them away, focus on my sister so the images of our dad didn't flash into my head. Him scowling above me, him forcing me to my knees… no.

I kissed Alice harder, reveling in her warmth.

Even when Hunter's hands cupped both our heads, pushing us closer together, putting pressure on us to the point of pain, where our teeth clacked and our lips smashed, she soothed me.

"Touch each other, little pervs, go on," he goaded. It all seemed like a trick, a ploy. He wanted us to shatter so he could punish us.

But when I ran my fingers along her thigh and found her wet pussy, I knew it would never work. He would never break us. He could never push us far enough.

She gasped when my fingertips brushed her clit, rubbing her wetness in and moaning into her mouth when she reacted with such beauty.

“Rub his cock,” Hunter said above us, and within a second, Alice’s warm palm squeezed around my shaft. “Fucking hell, you two are so perfect. Barely have to force you at all.”

He fed us his cock again, and I watched her suck it deep between her lips as she rubbed my cock, spread her thighs wider for my touch. I slid two of my fingers inside her and grinned at her reaction, her chest heaving and her suction deepening on Hunter’s cock. He let her this time, using his hips to fuck in deeper.

When he pulled out of her mouth with a wet plop and turned to me, I was ready. I’d licked it, sucked his balls, but I’d never pulled his shaft into my mouth. Saliva pooled on my tongue as he pressed his cock head on my bottom lip, rubbing it along the swollen, tender flesh.

I felt Alice’s eyes on me as I leaned forward, taking him between my lips, wrapping them around it and bobbing tentatively. My jaw stretched to accommodate, and he was heavy on my tongue, but like before, it wasn’t unpleasant. If I could ignore who it was attached to, the idea of submitting like this made pleasure creep closer throughout my body.

Alice’s ministrations on my cock didn’t slow as I swallowed him up, pushing towards his base until I gagged. He swore and grabbed my head, holding me there, on the precipice of too much.

“Yes!” he shouted, forcing himself past my gag reflex even as bile rose in my throat. It stung, made my nose water and my eyes stream, but Alice’s hand on me kept me from panicking. The constriction of my throat, the way my brain was losing blood and my lungs oxygen… the submission, the sensation of my sisters touch running up and down my cock, squeezing at the tip, gathering pre-cum and working it down my shaft.

I squeezed my eyes shut as I lost all sense, coming hard, spilling over her fist with muffled cries of pleasure and pain all at once.

I sobbed around Hunter’s cock, desperate to breathe, to turn away from the shame of it all, but he tapped me on the head, heavy dick still buried deep. “Look at me,” he said, and I did, my eyes flying open to find his rapt gaze. He pulled out just enough that air leaked into my body, making me

dizzy with it. We stared at each other with an unmatched intensity. And I wished I could figure out for sure what he was thinking. It seemed like awe, like surprise, and a helluva lot like lust.

The moment passed after an eternity, but then he looked away, his eyes falling on Alice.

She sat on her knees, my fingers still inside her, my cum on her hand, and her wide gaze on my stuffed mouth.

“Keep me warm,” he demanded, and I groaned, my eyelashes fluttering as his cock rested on my tongue, unwilling to leave. His praise, his fingers in my hair brushing.

Sink, Asher, the voices in my head whispered. *It will all be so much easier if you sink…*

“Ash…” Alice muttered, reaching for me. I slipped my hand from her body and rested my wet fingers on my leg. It would be so easy. Submit, relax. Let go. Let Hunter have me. I could leave, let my vacant mind take over.

In times of stress, similar to this, even, I’d learned the skill. *Detach. Sink.*

“Asher, don’t do it,” Alice begged.

Hunter watched from above. His eyes focused only on me as Alice begged. “You’re so perfect,” he sighed. “You gonna fall for me?”

“Mm…” I moaned, muffled. It was so easy, he was so commanding.

He stroked this thumb along my lip. “Such a good boy.” His eyes were all I fixated on as I let everything go.

“I need something from you now, pretty girl,” Hunter told Alice, his voice distant. She cried.

OceanofPDF.com

12

Alice

MY HEART BROKE WATCHING my brother disappear. His eyes fogged over as he sank to wherever he could go when he wanted to dip out of life. Abandoning his brain. *Leaving* me behind. I despised his ability to do so, his willingness to force me to be alone here.

Asher was lost to Hunter now, and I was consumed with jealousy - I didn't even have it in me to be angry at him, not really. Just sad I wasn't there yet, that I still resisted, still sought freedom and felt shame in our actions, our desires. Asher looked… well, he looked beautiful, broken and open like he was. Heavy eyelids and slow breathing.

Hunter leaned over Asher and slipped his fingers into my hair, turning rough as he tugged my face upward. And his expression made me want to recoil somewhere deep inside. Fuck, I wanted to be like Asher.. Hunter glowed, victorious. It sickened me.

"Your brother has done such a good job on my cock," Hunter told me, cooing despite the pain he was causing to my scalp, looking more manic than I'd ever seen him, even though his voice remained eerily calm. "He sucked a cock down for the first time. Isn't that fantastic?"

I didn't respond, but when he squeezed my hair and made the follicles scream, I forced myself to nod. I was aware of Asher watching the exchange as he continued to mouth Hunter's cock, licking and running his

lips up the shaft and over the tip, looking as if he was enjoying himself, immensely lost in the submission. His eyes were soft and foggy, and his body relaxed. He'd come hard at my hand, on Hunter's command, like some fucked up version of conditioning. It sickened me that I'd been a part of this breaking of my brother. Just like Hunter wanted. He said it, that it wasn't just breaking us he was trying to achieve, he wanted us to participate in the destruction of our twin.

But I wanted to kiss Asher better, so who knew which of us was more broken now? The only way I could think to bring my brother back was to kiss him again, touch him where I shouldn't. Force his mind back to me with orgasms and taboo lust. I was just as disgusting.

"You'll do as I say without issue?" Hunter asked me, and I nodded right away, unwilling to push him anymore. I was so tired. "Good girl."

He stepped away from Asher, cock falling free with a wet plop, and guided his back to the floor, cupping his head until it rested on the cold concrete. Asher looked up at Hunter with open adoration, and they shared a brief moment before Hunter kissed his forehead and straddled his neck, looking down Asher's body.

Hunter sat on his knees, hovering over Asher's face, and beckoned me closer. "Crawl," he commanded, and I did. Despite it only being a few steps, I shuffled over on all fours, curious about what he had in store for us. It was hard to keep fighting, and caving in seemed so fucking good. I craved to join Asher in whatever mental pit he'd curled up in. Hunter didn't force pain or torture on us, not in the traditional sense. As I looked at the man, his ass an inch from Asher's face, and Asher, just lying there waiting, I wasn't afraid of pain.

"Get behind me," Hunter said, his eyes glinting with lust. "Suck my ass while I ride your brother's face."

I blinked, surprised. I'd never… his ass? "Um…" I started, stalling for a moment.

He bit his lip. "Ah, I was hoping it would be a new experience for you, too. I bet your brother's never had his ass licked, either, huh?"

Asher shook his head between Hunter's thighs.

"Oh, you two are so much fucking fun." He looked damn pleased with himself, then leaned forward, resting his cheek on Asher's lower stomach, lifting his hips and slipping his cock into my brother's desperate mouth. No hesitation, no begging, only willingness to please. It was so easy…

I watched Hunter fuck up and down, his ass cheeks spread open, a hairy pink hole winking through his dark crack. He wanted me too… I can't say I wasn't intrigued. And doing everything would mean a chance at freedom. I could suck his ass for a chance at a shower. In another life, a time far from now, I would question that decision, but in that moment?

I leaned in, placing one hand on each of Hunter's ass cheeks, and opened them wider, wanting a better view of where my tongue was going. It looked… clean, I guess. Like flesh. Nothing more. A tight hole for my tongue to probe.

I gave a tentative lick, my tongue running over the puckered ridges of his hole, and… I didn't hate it. He tasted good, like soap and skin. Warm and soft. It wasn't so bad. This would be worth the reward.

I licked him again, noting his loud groan and how he picked up this thrusts into Asher's mouth. I could see the top of Asher's head, his hair the same color and texture as mine, and I didn't resist the urge I had to stroke my fingers through the strands as I flicked my tongue.

"Shit, yes, keep going. You twins will be the death of me, holy fuck…" Hunter cried out at our efforts, pushing his ass into my mouth and his cock into Asher's.

Enjoying myself, despite everything. I continued warming his rim, sucking it, licking it, laying wet kisses all around it, marveling at the way it clenched and unclenched against my lips. I *devoured* him, shoving my face in deeper until my nose squashed into his crack too, until he consumed me, overwhelmed me with his scent, his flavor, his fucking texture.

I pressed his cheeks together, playing with them as I buried my tongue deep in his hole, breeching the first ring with a groan. *So easy to sink…*

"I'm going to shoot," Hunter cried out, and his hole squeezed and pulsed as he filled up my brother's mouth, cursing and groaning, still fucking, only in jerky movements that I chased with my tongue. "Don't swallow," he told Asher, then climbed off, leaving me with Asher's face right by my legs, on the edge of release.

Hunter fell to his knees next to me and cupped my face to look at him. He studied my eyes, looking for that same submission he'd gained from Asher. I tried, I fucking *tried*, to make it appear real. His eyes glittered as he shook his head, not bothering to hide his disappointment. Shit. *Sink, damn it. Sink.*

The moment passed, though, and he turned his attention to the already broken twin, lying on the cold floor.

“Gargle my cum, let me see it mix with your spit in the back of your throat,” Hunter commanded, and Asher obeyed instantly.

It was obscene, the way the white fluid bubbled and moved as Asher played with it, pushed air through it. He made a low humming sound, a satisfaction across his face as he did what Hunter told him to.

Hunter stroked Asher’s cheek, smiling too. Their tenderness was unnerving me.

“Let him taste my ass now, bad twin,” Hunter directed at me, his expression so fucking smug. I sighed, but did it, leaning forward and interrupting Asher’s gargling, prodding my tongue into his mouth.

He sucked it, surprised, and then met it with his own. As was Hunter’s preferred way, we shared his cum together, dirty and wet as it slipped down both our throats. Kissing Asher felt right now, it was wonderful, warm. He was my home, even with someone else’s fluid mixing between us.

I found myself sighing when the cum ran out and all that was left was each other. Hunter tugged my head up and away from Asher, then forced my eyes back on his.

“Tell me what it tastes like,” he said.

I squeezed my jaw together for a moment, fighting with the defiance I wanted to show him. But it would win me nothing. “Musky, a little sweet.”

Hunter smirked. “Good girl. I can’t wait to taste all of both of you, too.” He slapped his thighs and stood, graceful and relaxed, as he moved naked through the room, gathering his clothing. He reached the door and returned with a key, first releasing Asher from his ropes, then me.

Asher didn’t move until Hunter commanded him to stand, but I scrambled up right away, leaning into my brother, needing his comfort. He wrapped an arm around me, and together we climbed the stairs behind Hunter, scared and confused. This was… too much freedom. He was too relaxed.

What was his game? What did he see in Asher? His ability to disassociate wasn’t obvious. Hunter couldn’t know how far gone Asher would be.

I gripped my brother tighter as we reached the top of the stairs. It was the second time I’d been on the ground floor of this house now, and I was determined that this time I would escape it.

OceanofPDF.com

13

Hunter

IT WAS WORKING. THEY were falling. Asher was already there, under my grasp, with a glassy gaze and a desperation to please me. The way he'd sucked my cock, welcomed my shaft down his throat and stayed hard as a rock throughout all of it… yes, I had him.

Alice was the harder one. A coldness remained behind her eyes. But I'd show her, I'd break her still. She licked my ass like she worshipped it. Her moans, the way she grabbed at me, the way her tongue plundered my hole like she wanted to own it? Yeah, I almost had her. She wouldn't be far behind her brother. Then we could continue.

It was almost over.

I led them to the bathroom, both of them bewildered and slow, but for different reasons, stumbling as they took the stairs. Alice's head swiveled, searching for an exit, but Asher's gazed remained ahead, right on me. They could never escape this place, not without my consent. No matter how hard they tried. Despite the windows. The glass was inches thick, unbreakable. I had padlocked every door, and we were in the middle of nowhere. If they did get out, they'd never survive with no car. Without food and water and bags of supplies.

I'd planned this to the damn fucking *bone*. Years of work before I started tracking them, following them, biding my time. Yes. They wouldn't leave

here until I wanted them to. And I was almost ready to give them the run of the house. They didn't need to stay in the basement, especially as I'd made it as disgusting as possible down there. It was just the first step.

Asher was with me already, but separating them would never work. They needed to fall together. I hoped Asher would be an excellent influence on his stubborn sister.

I locked them in the bathroom without a backwards glance, then walked across the hall to my camera room, clicking the window they were on to make it larger. Since the last bathroom visit, I'd installed a camera in the room, didn't want to miss anything. Needed it all recorded.

Every inch of this house was monitored, but the large screen almost always showed the basement. Watching them was my obsession, had been for a long time now. It had been at a distance before, and now they were like my personal TV show. One I could control. I sent the footage over as usual, unsettled by the lack of reaction I was getting. It wasn't good enough. I wasn't doing enough. I sucked in a deep breath and turned back to the screen while I waited to see if this time the video worked.

The twins cleaned each other, and it was so damn erotic seeing their soapy hands run over the other's body. They were thorough, too. After some muttering to each other, Asher slipped his fingers into his sister's pussy, rubbing her to a fast orgasm. One of the most beautiful things about this was witnessing their depravity shine through. It hadn't even taken much. I hoped he was happy. That the asshole getting the videos was pleased with my work. That it was fucking *killing* him.

Alice didn't orgasm with us, remaining on the edge of bliss and wound up tight. A minute of her brother's touch, and she exploded with a gorgeous groan, her face scrunching up towards the ceiling, giving me a perfect view of her features as she fell apart.

Afterwards, they hugged, pecked each other with soft lips and whispered with the shower going, making it hard to tell what they were saying. Neither of them were stupid. It was likely an intentional ploy because they suspected I'd be watching. And it annoyed me. Made me smile at their cleverness, but irritated the nosy part of me that craved their everything. I wanted to be in there with them, learning all their secrets and hearing their words. As closely bonded.

It looked as though Alice was getting frustrated, her arms gesticulating and her brow furrowing, already losing the post-orgasm high that seemed to

have turned Asher into my sexy little zombie. I needed them both there, docile and begging for my cock.

Fury raged in me when Alice broke away from Asher, leaping from the tub and grabbing the wooden toothbrush holder. She smashed it against the window, again and again, though it would never shatter. Even if it wasn't reinforced glass, a fucking toothbrush holder would get her nowhere. She screamed — I could hear her from across the hall — and started punching the glass, attempting to prise it free of its frame with her nails, just fucking shouting at it, hammering on it with fists, ignoring the pain she must be in from the stab wound. Damn, she was fucking feral.

I could go to her now, drag her away and punish her, but it would be so much sweeter to wait, to give them the full ten minutes and stroll back in. I was going to let them have their bedroom tonight, but after this, no. Alice needed to be punished, broken down. I tamped down the rage bubbling, instead setting my mind to planning her punishment. Five minutes remaining.

Alice only stopped hitting the glass when the skin on her knuckles split and blood dripped down her arm, stepping away with an expression of anguish and her hand held aloft. And the entire time, the entire fucking time, Asher stared at her, body relaxed, face blank, unmoving from his position under the warm water spray. That made me smile.

It was the right moment to punish the naughty twin. And with our ignorant viewer not providing me with the reaction I wanted, giving me nothing but an indication the email had been received. I knew just what I had to do. Alice was going to suffer like I had. If this didn't work, nothing ever would.

The man had no soul, just like me. It was time to show him just how deep my darkness could go.

I GATHERED MY TOOLS before collecting my twins, allowing them a minute extra before guiding them back to the basement with a bag slung over my shoulder. Alice eyed it, tense as she waited for me to comment on the state of her hand, of the window. Blood smeared the glass, and she

boiled over with anxiety. But she was in for so much worse than a bruised knuckle.

If only she would fucking listen and cave to it. Pleasure wasn't enough to bring her over to my side, so I'd have to introduce pain, too. I thought back over all the worst moments of my life, of my time with the monster who made me this way, and I chose. I almost felt bad for her. But she'd made her bed.

"Stand in the middle of the room, under the beam," I told her, and after a brief flash of concern, she followed my command. I looked to her brother. "I'm not tying you up here. Do I need to?"

He shook his head, a look of surprise and warmth across his face. I cupped his chin and kissed him, smiling when he sunk straight into me, sucking my tongue when I shoved it into his mouth. "Good boy," I muttered, voice low enough just for him. "I'm going to have to punish your sister a little for what she did in the bathroom. So I'll need your help." I was laying a lot of trust in him here, giving him freedom I hoped he deserved. He would see it, understand my intentions, and I hoped it would submit him further.

His brow furrowed, but he nodded. "O-Okay, as long as we don't hurt her…"

"What's happening?" Alice blurted, so I shot Asher a wink and strode over to her, slapping her across the cheek with enough force that she yelped and staggered.

I yanked her back up by her hair and growled in her ear. "Fight and suffer."

"Going to suffer either way," she snapped back.

"Suffer *more.*"

"Alice, please," Asher begged from behind me, the good boy not moving from the spot I'd left him in, even though his arms had raised towards us a fraction.

I leaned down, a whisper only between me and the girl this time. "If you don't do everything, take everything, no fighting or protesting, I will kill him. And I won't be gentle about it, either. I'll string him up, peel strips of his skin from his flesh, and rub my shit into the wounds. I'll pluck his eyeballs out and choke him with them. I'll rip his cock from his body and feed it to you raw. You want that? You want him to know that it's your fucking fault?"

Her eyes were wide as she gulped and took in my words, believing every single one. She was so close to breaking. My gaze narrowed and the tension between us increased. Then she lunged forward and pecked my lips, hard and lingering for a few seconds. A peace offering. She was here. Committed. Shit, I was almost disappointed that the lunge wasn't one of violence.

"Hands up," I said, then wrapped a length of rope around her wrists before stringing it through the hooks on the beam. Rope wasn't the most practical, but it had meaning. Those rope burns were a special kind of hell to heal.

Alice's eyes were saucers in concern as I tugged the rope, making her arms strain up, pulling her higher until just her toes grazed the floor. She winced, bit back a cry of pain. Then I ripped her shirt down the middle, the fabric catching and straining across her shoulders, her stomach, until it was all gone. Shreds on the floor. I flashed her a satisfied smirk and enjoyed watching her struggle not to react.

"You want to spit on me?" I goaded. "Smash and smear blood all over my window? Go the fuck ahead and see what happens. Asher?"

"No!" Alice hurried out, still wincing and adjusting to her body weight being almost entirely on her wrists and tip toes. She was open wide for me, beautiful as she stretched and strained.

"Fuck me, isn't she sexy?" I asked her brother, encouraging him to come forward, urging him with a gesture of my hand. "You want to make her feel good?" I looked at him, finding an expression of concern on his handsome face.

He nodded.

"We will, soon," I promised. "Once she's paid her punishment, she'll be with us. This is for her benefit, her final step. You succumbed under my cock, but she needs a little more work."

Alice spluttered, then choked on it when I touched Asher, running my hands up his bare arms, imagining peeling the skin away. I could never do that to my beautiful boy, but she would believe I could.

Leaving them to stare at each other, hoping Asher's refusal to help would speed up her demise, I opened my bag, spreading the contents out as the fabric unfurled, revealing my tools. I grinned at them, ran my fingers along the various shapes. She needed to suffer, but not irreparably. My intention was to turn her pain into pleasure. But how far could I push her? Making

her orgasm when she'd think it impossible. Yes. That was the worst of it, the body betrayal.

The first swipe of the sterilizing wet wipe over her pussy lips made her jolt, her body swing from her surprise.

"What's that?" she asked. "I-I'm clean."

I shook my head. "Not enough. Not for what I have planned for you. Don't want you getting an infection and dying on me."

I spread her pussy lips with a tug and scrubbed the wipe on her until the skin was red and she was whimpering, her head lolling on her shoulder, her eyes scrunched shut. Asher watched at my side, his brow furrowed. She didn't fight to protect him, but he was only watching. Doing nothing. Perfect.

"Do I need to tie you up?" I questioned him, and he immediately shook his head, worry making his gaze widen. I smiled at him. "Pass me the bag. Don't touch any of the tools. I've already sterilized those."

"What are you going to do?" Alice asked with a murmur, opening her eyes a fraction to look, observing everything from that narrow window, like it would make it less real. Her muscles twitched and tensed, but she was trying her damndest to keep calm, let me have my way with her.

I slid the first needle free of its case and without waiting a single beat, pierced it through her outer labia, the fattest bit of the lip, right by her hole. She cried and gasped, gurgling spit in surprise. "Stay steady or it'll hurt more." I slapped her clit, and her skin rose up in little bumps all over.

She screamed when I inserted the second needle on the other side, the thin metal clinking against the first. Blood beaded, and I resisted the urge to bend down and lick it, cutting my tongue and making our blood mix. I really didn't want her to fester and die, but I would force feed her antibiotics if I had to.

One by one, I inserted the needles into her pussy, piercing her inner labia, her outer lips, and even the section across her pubic bone where hair sprouted. She looked like a fucking metal hedgehog; the needles mixing with red blood and dark curly hair. She sobbed and begged me throughout, her toes curling and her entire body coming up in shivers. And her brother only watched. I'd never heard sobs quite like it. I wanted to fuck her and make the sound louder.

"Two more," I told her, voice soothing, stroking her thigh as I reached for the final needles, the last of sixteen. These two were fatter, hollow, so I

could slide a permanent piece of jewelry in if I wanted to. We'd have to see how she handled her punishment.

She had to brace her legs apart, tricky with how little slack I'd given the ropes, so she was constantly yelping and battling to not drive the needles deeper into her cunt, or into the flesh of her thigh. She was a mess with it. I'd never been harder.

A bellow of pain and rage ripped through her when I pushed the hollow needle through her clit, pinching it first for better traction. And I couldn't fucking resist the trickle of blood. I pressed my tongue to where the metal met her flesh and flickered it, sharp stings cutting into my entire lower face. Mmm. Like giving a porcupine a kiss.

"You taste fucking delicious. Your fear is potent down here, sweetheart," I told her, and wanted Asher to have a lick too. The ultimate test for him. He was capable of observing. But could he participate?

As I reached for the second needle to join the first through her clit, swiping the blood now dripping from my face, a sudden pain rocketed through my head.

"Fuck you!" Alice yelled, donkey kicking me with both legs, slamming her feet into my skull again, fighting and screaming and shrieking as her actions tore her pussy to shreds. Her feeble strikes made little impact, pathetic, and I was on my feet before she'd even gained her steadiness again, racing towards her and grabbing her chin. Squeezing.

"You were so fucking close, too," I growled, anger making me see red. The same red that now poured down her legs, dripping to the floor.

"Don't kill him," she begged, not dropping her eyes from mine, fighting me with just her gaze. "Please don't kill him."

I slapped her. She'd done exactly what I told her not to, and I *hated* not following through on my threats.

"Why?" she sobbed. "Why this…."

Nostrils flared, trying to control my anger. "You'll learn soon enough." I glared up at the camera, wanting to point, to talk and gloat about what I was doing to them. Instead, I tore my gaze away, thinking of how delicious it would be to send the footage later, and looked to Asher.

OceanofPDF.com

14

Alice

MY BODY WAS NOTHING but pain. It settled over me with a strange numbness, the sensations so intense it was as if my brain couldn't comprehend the sheer extremity of it. The needles through my vulva caused searing anguish like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I was ripped apart, shredded, and bleeding. My mind wouldn't open to it, images and flashes of torment scattered behind my eyes, but I couldn't grasp it. He had me sinking away, ready to let my mind and body separate, become his. Just so the pain would stop.

But then Hunter shot me a smug grin, letting me know he was winning, and that he was thrilled to fucking bits about it, and anger overtook that pain, that last ebb of my self-preservation, and I lashed out.

Making it so much worse.

I froze as he studied Asher, pleading with the universe for the bastard to leave my brother alone. Asher had told me in the shower he was switching off. It was something he'd always had the ability to do. When we went through hardship, when our parents argued or things got tough, he could sink away. At first, it made me angry. I yelled at him, begged him not to go, but then I saw it for what it was. An opportunity to save him. I stopped fighting with him, stopped trying to break through the window, and I accepted it.

I told him I'd take care of him while he was gone. After firing up, screaming at him to somehow bring me along, I promised him. And I had already fucking failed.

"Please Hunter, please…"

Hunter turned back to me and I blacked out in agony when he slammed his hand over my raw pussy, the needles no doubt piercing into his skin too, but his eyebrow only twitched. He didn't even wince. He rubbed, full palm, grinding the needles into bone and ripping such an intense pain from me that the world went dark again. It would be too easy to let it sink away, but damn, I wanted to. Wanted to go. Not exist. Pain was everything. One of the needles snagged something inside my leg and I released a cry so guttural it disappeared, my throat unable to handle it. Just a desperate noise ebbing into nothing as hope burned out.

But one glance at Asher and I fought. I fought to stay awake through the torture, determined to see how it ended, what Hunter's final plan for me was. Because this felt like the culmination of my life, so I should be a witness to it. Even if I screamed and cried, even if my entire body was alight with fire, the nerves so frayed they didn't know where the pain was coming from. Misfiring brain, begging to switch off, skin on fire, genitalia shredded. He wasn't getting my submission in passing out. Not for as long as I could manage.

Hunter thrust a finger into me, dodging needles to shove his way inside. "Mm, she's wet," he commented, looking over his shoulder at Asher, who was watching with a sort of forlorn vacancy. "Do you think it's blood or pussy juices?" Asher didn't reply. "Do you want to get in there with your tongue and find out?"

"No!" I whined. "No, no, no…"

When Hunter yanked his fingers away. He had to pull hard because of the obstructions, and some of the needles went with him, imbedded in his palm. He laughed at the sight, ripping each needle free one by one, before throwing them across the room and smearing his bloody hand all over my face, shoving his fingers into my mouth so deep I gagged.

My begging weakened, and it wasn't only for Hunter, for my life, for the pain to stop. It was for Asher to return to me, for him to make a break for it or kill this bastard. I tried to catch his eye, to show him how deeply he was needed now, how much I depended on him to come back and fight with me. For me. But he still only observed, his breathing fast, but his body relaxed.

Standing a few feet away with a passive face. How could he? How was that possible? How was it fair that I hadn't gained that skill, too? Despite not wanting him to face this hell, doing it alone was beyond my capabilities.

"I need a piss," Hunter said, returning my attention to him, stepping away from me and undoing his fly. He paused there though, then seemed to think better, pulling his shirt over his head and yanking his pants off altogether, so he was standing before me naked, his cock semi-hard, thick against his thigh. He gave himself a tug and walked closer, making me realize what he'd said with a jolt. My skin turned cold, my veins icy.

"No, please…" I started, but it was futile. Of course it was.

He shrugged. "Need to sterilize these wounds, pretty thing. Don't want you to rot down here. And look at the mess you've made of yourself." He looked down my body and shook his head, then grasped his cock in his hands and aimed at my destroyed pussy. He groaned as he let himself loose. The first drops of his piss on my skin had me screaming until my throat was raw. The stinging and aching pain had my legs scrambling to get away from him. It was fucking impossible though, and after struggling for a few seconds, I did nothing but allow it to happen, allow him to degrade me further. It couldn't get much worse, anyway. I just sagged and waited it out. Maybe this was the moment my brain went poof?

Hunter's urine streamed over my shocked pussy and poured down my legs, the stinging making the corner of my vision go white, like I was seeing a light, maybe dying… passing out at least.

"Asher," Hunter's voice broke through, goading and playful, yanking me back. "She needs more."

I wasn't aware of Asher moving or stripping, and definitely not aware of any protesting coming from him. No. As Hunter's stream began to slow, Asher's started. We'd guzzled water from the shower, so he had plenty to wash over me. I didn't want to know how it would burn if it was a strong, dark piss. This was bad enough. This was soul-destroying. Humiliating and defeating. My body became just pain.

I locked away the small part of my brain still wanting to protest, holding it close like it was a precious entity, and let them do what they wanted to. What they had to.

"Oh, take a look at this," Hunter said, and when I didn't, he dug his thumb into my eye, forcing my eyelids apart. He was jacking Asher's cock as the piss squirted from it, running the liquid up and down his shaft. "He's

getting hard. See, bad twin? He's enjoying himself." Hunter glared at me and all I saw was a demon. "Shall we give him a hole to fuck?"

"Please don't," I cried, seeking out my brother. He still appeared blank, the only real sign of life in him in his penis, which was thickening at pace with Hunter's touch. The flow of his urine ebbed away, and Hunter crouched down, making both me and Asher gasp when he sucked a still-wet Asher's cock into his mouth.

My eyes didn't stray from the way this powerful beast looked on his knees, his jaw stretching to accommodate Asher's shaft as he bobbed up and down, squeezing and groaning. He released Asher with a pop and looked up at him with hooded, horny eyes. Asher stroked his fucking hair.

My brother stroked the hair of the man who had stabbed needles into my vagina and pissed all over it. Nausea roiled through me at the sight. Desperation. Was I ever escaping from this? Was this where it all ended? When I cried out, Hunter looked back at me and stood.

"That's all the lube you're getting," he said coldly, then pinched my nipple until I begged for mercy. He glanced at Asher from the corner of his eye. "Fuck her ass."

In that instant, everything in me clenched. This was too much, too far. If Asher did this… if he could walk around me and force his cock into my ass after all I'd already been through… I— I think it would kill me.

But he did. He nodded and took careful steps around my body to avoid the piss and blood pooling at my feet. It was pinkish, splashing under my unsteady soles.

And he really didn't fucking hesitate. He didn't. No, he spread my cheeks and notched his cock at my virgin ass. My entire being, my soul, was breaking, growing limp. Even when Hunter stood in front of me and lifted my legs up to straddle his waist, the needles shifting and stinging, the fight withered. It just withered.

With Hunter's fingernails digging into my thighs to hold me aloft and open, and Asher's spreading my ass cheeks wide, tears flowed from me. Asher pushed in, the saliva from Hunter nowhere near enough to prevent it from burning. No prep, no lube, only unimaginable pain as my brother ripped his way into my body. Something tore, of that I'm sure, but he didn't stop. He just kept going. Shoving in, inch by inch, while Hunter encouraged him and stroked my cheek, muttering to both of us like we were doing it for him. It felt like sandpaper scratching and forcing its way up into me.

Asher was his puppet. But Hunter would never get that from me.

I felt every inch of Asher's cock with each movement he made, my muscles tried to clench around him, to expel him, and even when he bottomed out, his hips touching my ass cheeks, I still struggled, desperate to stop him. The presence was so unwelcome, the friction unbearable. There was no pleasure here. Only the pain of rape and force. I breathed deep, long sucks of air to get through it.

"Fuck her, beautiful boy," Hunter muttered, then leaned over my shoulder, tugging Asher's mouth to his. They kissed by my ear, slurping and sucking so dirty as Asher moved, thrusting his hips to force his cock in and out. The friction made it almost impossible for him to move – how could it even bring him any pleasure, anything but the rough agony of rubbing dry flesh to dry flesh.

I ignored their moans, tried to take myself away like Asher could. It didn't work though, and I endured every single second of the pain and degradation, the horror. I sunk to the bottom, unable to even care about clawing my way out as my body set on fire with suffering.

"I need in there too," I heard Hunter say, and when I stiffened, he laughed, pulling away from Asher and kissing my cheek, biting my ear. "Don't worry, I'm not a monster. I'll use lube when I help stretch out your ass with a second cock. I want you to recover, you see. So we can rip you apart all over again."

He couldn't—

My legs fell to the floor, and I shrieked in pain when everything moved, the needles, Asher's cock. As a cocky Hunter strode across the room, Asher's hand roamed my body, and his mouth came down on my neck. He squeezed my tits, plucked at my nipples, and licked my earlobe. Hunter left the door open as he ascended the stairs beyond it. But it was damned hopeless to expect Asher to do anything.

That. Right there. Was my first moment of genuine despair. True giving up.

"Try to enjoy it," Asher told me. "It's so much easier if you do."

A wet laugh fell from me. "Touch my clit," I demanded of him, needing him to see, to witness what was happening to me. He'd observed it all, but I wanted him to wake up, to touch the pain down there and realize just how fucking far we'd fallen. I wanted my Asher back. Not this zombie Hunter had turned him into.

Asher obliged, flinching away in pain when his fingertip prodded a needle.

“Do it,” I insisted. “Make me come by rubbing my clit. I dare you.”

“I… I can’t.”

Hunter tutted as he returned, a tub of fucking vanilla ice cream in his hand. The condensation settled on his skin, and he winked as he pulled the lid off. “How do you think this will feel on abused flesh?” he asked the room. Neither of us answered. It didn’t seem like the question was for anything but his own amusement. “Let’s find out.”

I watched outside of my body as he slathered the cold ice cream on his cock, frowning when most of it dripped to the floor. He commanded Asher to lift my legs, like he’d done before, and he crouched down.

Icy fingers probed inside me, pushing in along with Asher’s cock. My muscles had almost fucking given out at this point, and though I clenched in shock, it was all weak. I was weak. Pathetic. Degraded down to my marrow.

Hunter shoved globs of ice cream into me, making Asher shiver at the sensation. Then he stood, pressing his cock against my brother’s.

“This is going to sting,” he told me, then with none of the care I was owed, he forced himself in. His entire shaft, ripping into my ass, tearing and shredding, making me scream, though my voice was almost gone now.

Another round of the most intense pain, my body alight, burning, dying. More that I didn’t know was possible. Hunter didn’t let up, he fucked me hard, slamming into me again and again, forcing his way deep inside as Asher only stood there, the friction from Hunter’s cock doing all the work for him.

It felt as if my internal organs were going to fall out, like I was at death’s door. Finally.

The fog was welcome this time, the descent into my brain, into oblivion. I would take it. End my life if I could, sink away, float from my body and all they were doing to it.

“I’m gonna cum,” Hunter groaned, and as his cock pulsed cum into me, I heard Asher explode behind me, too. Their moans and sighs of pleasure were distant to me, far off. They remained in my body for a minute longer, and that was all I was. Two cocks, stretching my ass beyond any reason with no preparations or care.

It was only when they pulled out that I woke a fraction. Only when Hunter stepped away and gazed at us with an expression of pure love that I

endured a trickle of anger again. Emotions working their way back in, fighting and clawing and battling with the pain trying to sink me.

And when Asher stumbled away, gasping and crying, my mind was back fully. I listened to the sound of my brother vomiting while looking Hunter square in the eye, not promising death, but begging for oblivion.

Hunter smiled. “You see?” he said, before glancing up. I tried to follow his gaze, to find whatever it was he was performing for. “He’s mine now - look at what he did.” Hunter’s eyes squared on to me again, alive with excitement and darkness. “You’re on your own. Give yourself over to save any more trouble.”

I wanted to. God, I wanted to. But I shook my head. I didn’t know if I would be able to protect myself from the oblivion. In fact, I felt it rushing over me, clawing as it tried to get in. Knowing Asher was broken by what he’d done, knowing that even he had been destroyed, unable to protect himself in the best way he knew how?

What was the point in staying?

OceanofPDF.com

15

Asher

BILE.

Cum.

Saliva.

It was all that poured from me as I purged and gagged in the corner of the room. The things… oh, oh no. Oh god, I'd… my heart fell out of me with the sour liquid spewing from my throat. I'd shattered awake as the orgasm created by fucking my sister's dry asshole, *raping* her as she screamed and cried for mercy, flew from me. I was disgusting, a disgrace, worth nothing but death.

Once there was no more fluid left inside me, I forced myself to look at her, hanging from the ceiling with blood, semen, and urine streaming from her limp body. "Alice…" I croaked in despair.

Hunter stepped around her, his cock slick with red and white, and he walked towards me, his head tipped to the side. The things he'd made me do…

"You don't need a punishment now too, do you?" he asked, speaking to me low, tender, like he thought I remained lost to his words, his demands. I could be, though. It was so fucking easy at this point, life with my brain half gone was so much easier down here.

Without thinking too hard, I pretended he still had me, that I was still locked away somewhere in my mind. Zombied up, as Al sometimes called it. So I shook my head at him, wiping my hand over my mouth and gazing up at him with eyes as submissive as I could make them. Fuck, I wanted to go to Alice, tend to her wounds, and beg at her feet for forgiveness. She had to know it wasn't truly me… fuck, I hoped she knew.

Looking smug, so damn pleased with himself, Hunter stepped closer, so his fluid-streaked cock dangled in front of my face. "Clean me off then, and I'll leave you to it. I can bring down another mattress, fresh sheets, a pillow. I do have a bedroom lined up for you, but I don't think we're there yet." He paused, grabbed my chin and stared at me for a moment, his gaze curious, indecisive. He sighed. "She needs to stay up there until I say so, though. Her punishment isn't quite finished, is it?"

I stumbled over the fact he asked me a question, one I had no answer for, but he moved on, hearing nothing from me, continuing his discussion with himself.

"Not long now, I think. Surely not long now…" he muttered, then winked at me, jiggled his cock. He was so damn relaxed, so comfortable in the space, naked and dirty, his victims damaged beyond repair. "I need cleaning."

My heart squeezed, but the only path through this was to barrel right on. I couldn't rescue Alice if I was strung up right beside her. So I grasped his softened cock and sucked it into my mouth, quickly licking it clean of the metallic tang and musky salt, trying not to burst with the shame of it. Hunter gave a leisurely hip thrust, and laughed. "Christ, you two have me so spent. There's no way this guy's getting hard again today." He hummed in satisfaction and pulled himself free, wandering away with a jaunt to his hips.

I swallowed down the bile at the back of my throat, the taste of my sister's pain and my tormentors' pleasure burning. Mine, too, mixed together on his shaft to display my humiliation.

Hunter left after scooping up all his tools, leaving naked, his clothes remaining scattered around Alice's body. He whispered something to her as he passed, his tone cruel but voice too low for me to hear.

Once the door shut, I scrambled to her on wobbling legs, standing and cupping her cheeks to tilt her face up, to study her expression. She was delirious, half unconscious, and her eyes were cold as they caught mine.

She didn’t look like my Alice, but it wasn’t in that vacant way I wanted for her. No. She was fully there. Feeling everything. Aware of it all. My throat burned with hatred for myself, for Hunter. For everything.

“Let me help,” I whispered. “Tell me what to do. Fuck him. I’ll get you down from there. Please, Al.”

She managed a shake of her head, a weak movement, her mouth falling open and dripping saliva down her damaged body. Fuck. Horror made my stomach bottom out. What had I done? “Go away,” she murmured, her voice thin and croaky. “He told me if you touched me now, even now, he’d kill you.” She spluttered a cough. “This will have… all been for nothing… He said I had to suffer here, fester until he was ready to save me.” She sighed. “Please, Asher, please go.”

Grief, unlike anything I had ever experienced, rocketed through me, tears flowing from my eyes, my nose stinging, everything aching as I brought my hands over my mouth and stumbled back. All for me. This was all for me. All I’d done to her, and she was still protecting me.

I was a monster.

I HUNCHED UP ON the frigid floor next to the sheets Hunter delivered, along with a cup of coffee and a bowl of tomato soup. Even a ham and cheese sandwich. But they sat there, cold, untouched, because I couldn’t, *wouldn’t*, take my eyes off my sister. Hours had passed since Hunter left her strung to the ceiling, and she hadn’t complained once.

Whatever he’d said to her, threatened her with. She believed it. With her whole being.

I stumbled to her, holding the stale sandwich in my fist. “W-will you eat?” I asked, hopelessness sinking over me when she didn’t react. Her eyes were open, her chest rose up and down, but it was like she’d managed what I’d always been able to. She’d gone somewhere else. At fucking last, she seemed to have done it. The selfish part of me wanted to force her back, to make her eyes glitter like they did when she was full of emotion - good and bad. They shone when she laughed, when she was angry. The urge to see that from her, to gain that comfort, was eating me alive. But I sighed and stepped back.

I decided to leave her there.

Looking up at the ceiling, at all corners of the room, I glared. “She’ll die, you know!” I yelled. “If we don’t clean her up, get her some medicine. You’ve had us long enough now that I don’t think you want that to happen!” I waited, listening for the sounds of him returning, I hoped with an entire fucking ambulance crew to repair every wound he’d caused on my sister. But nothing, only silence. The occasional creak of rope straining on wood as Alice shifted.

I stood there for at least an hour, listening, waiting, begging. Pleading with the damn fucking universe with not a stitch of clothing on, dirty and depraved and disgusted with myself.

And I decided, when Alice finally made a sound, a small whimper, that I needed to suck it up and be the strong one. I’d hurt her, sunk so deep into my mind that I became his weapon.

“Al,” I said, reaching for her and lifting her face with both my hands, making her look at me. “Alice.”

She groaned unhappily, tried to turn away. I kissed her lips, and she squeezed them shut, shaking her head. “No,” she muttered, “No, no no…”

But it was something. So I did it again, pressing my tongue into her mouth and forcing her response. It wasn’t a sexual thing; it was an awakening. The only thing I could think of to bring her back. Because despite the nicer part of me deciding to abandon her there, I couldn’t resist trying to claw her back to me. She’d done it for me before, comforted me in this way, calmed me with soothing words and gentle kisses. I needed to tell her I loved her, that I was sorry. I needed her to return to her selfish brother so I could apologize.

“Alice, come on,” I whispered against her lips. “Kiss me back. Come back.”

“No,” she repeated, over and over, until I pulled away, unwilling to force her to give to me again. It was only a fraction, still close enough that we shared our air. War raged in me, the selfishness, the ache to keep her safe in her mind. Fuck.

“I’m sorry, Alice,” I told her. “I don’t have words. But I will nurse you back to health however I can, then we will escape this hellhole. I promise.”

She released a sigh, and moved, lolling her head forward and looking up at me through salt caked eyelashes. “Lying’s for wimps.”

HUNTER RETURNED WHEN I was asleep. I didn’t even know when it happened, when my body gave up and my eyes closed, but when he walked through the door, I woke with a start. Still by Alice’s side, curled up at her feet amongst the blood and piss and cum, I jolted, and he laughed.

“I brought supplies,” he said, dumping a thick black hold-all by my head. “Get her down and let’s see the damage up close.”

With my lips squeezed together to stop myself saying something I’d regret, I did as he asked, using the chair he’d bought to reach her wrists, untying them with as much care as I could. The skin was raw where the rope dug into it, and her fingers clenched and unclenched in relief, despite her silence, as I released her. We tumbled to the ground in an awkward tangle of limbs, her breathing hitching, a small moan coming from her when her arms lowered below her shoulders.

“Shh,” I hushed her, stroking her skin, massaging her forearms and biceps, and kissing her forehead as I settled her onto the mattress.

Hunter walked up behind me as I kept muttering to her, and he nudged my side with the tip of his shoe. He was fully dressed, I realized. So often he came down here in minimal clothing, like he’d rolled out of bed or been relaxing. I hadn’t even thought about him leaving the building. Where did he go? He was wearing shoes, a jacket.

I looked up at him when he prodded me again. “Clean her wounds, put that fucking puffy diaper looking thing over her pussy. I’ll be back tonight to double check your work.” He turned to leave, but glanced over his shoulder at the door. “If she dies now, it’s your fault.”

OceanofPDF.com

16

Alice

THE WORLD DISAPPEARED IN a fog of medicine zapping through my veins and the pure horror of trying to reconcile with what happened to me. Who had done it. The person I should be safest with, most loved by, he'd raped me. Anally raped me with our captor, and only after had he so much as flinched.

I couldn't see a way to recovery, a way to come to terms with the loss I felt. The loss of my body, of him. Of everything I held dear.

So I let the world fog over, didn't fight the waves of what could only be narcotics numbing my system. It was nice, sinking into that oblivion for as long as it would have me. There was no need to be awake. My body didn't belong to me anymore.

I dreamed of life before, so recent but so damn far away. Of sunshiny days and laughing with friends on the beach. Of dancing, walking home with sore feet as the sun appeared over the low-rise buildings. Even of sex, healthy, consensual, underwhelming but *safe* sex. Not forced, not with my brother. Not while I wept.

And when reality tried to force its way in and wake me up, I refused it, staying under the surface, pushing cognition away in favor of the bliss in the back corners of my mind.

“Alice,” my brother’s voice said, soft and warm as it broke through my defenses. “Come on, if you stay unconscious forever, you’ll starve. You need to drink.”

He sounded like he was repeating himself, maybe for the millionth time. But after what he’d done? He could suffer a little longer. It was hard to reconcile my brother with his actions. I understood they came from a place of duress for him, but he hadn’t refused, not *once*. He’d fallen so deep into his head that he was a zombie, he’d fucking participated and *orgasmed* from my pain. How could I look at him? Find comfort in him? Let him heal what he’d broken?

We’d broken together, kissing and touching, letting the dirty, taboo thoughts win in our moments of darkness. It had been natural, making him feel good, like my life’s purpose. Simple, I loved him, we shared everything. This was a way to cope. So why wasn’t it the same for him? Why had he wrecked me without flinching?

Fuck, I wanted to sink, to be gone. I’d never been so done, so ready to sink deeper and deeper until there was nowhere left to go but into death.

Asher continued muttering to me, stroking my hair, and I continued ignoring it, letting myself stay under.

Cool liquid poured onto my tongue after Asher’s voice rose and pleaded with me, and I choked, spluttering, as my eyes flew open like I’d been wrenched back from a dark pit.

“Al!” Asher said, his face a literal inch from mine, relief so palpable across his features it made me soften despite all the anger. He looked stricken, black bags under his eyes so deep they looked like caverns. I managed to move a heavy hand to thump him on the back, and he leaned his head down, resting his forehead on my chest for a moment, a sob wracking through him. I hated his actions, but I didn’t hate him. Could never. Despite what he’d done, he still bought me relief. My body reacted to his and calmed.

“How long has it been?” I croaked through a scratchy throat, my fingers digging into his skin. He was naked, just like me, though I had a sheet draped over my sore skin. Fuck. I hurt. It was obvious someone had pumped me with pain relief because it all seemed on the periphery, a distant thing, but very present, screaming and banging, making my eyes water and my stomach roil.

But nothing would ever compare to the pain of it happening. Of those needles, of the emotional grief when Asher joined in. I knew, *I knew,* it wasn't truly him. But still… he cried a little harder when I pushed him away. How could I not? My body wanted what my brain did not.

He sat back on his ass and wiped the tears from under his eyes, never moving his gaze from me. "Two days," he told me. "You've been unconscious for two days. I gave you more medicine than I should have, a higher dose. I remember from before when Mom would do the same… didn't… I didn't want you waking up." He sniffed.

"Why now then?" I asked, wishing to stay in oblivion, even if it would destroy my organs to keep me dosed.

He looked sheepish. "It ran out. Hunter said if we want more, we need to work for it."

In that moment, I truly, wholly, wanted to die. The shock of such a clear realization washed over me and it almost felt relieving. I didn't want to suffer through healing, have anything else happen. I wanted death. My body grew heavy with the desire for it, yearning in the aching of my bones, my mind switching off. I sat up. And a scream ripped from me.

Someone had padded my entire crotch and vulva with bandages and sticky ointment, softening the movement, but not enough to stop the sharp, stinging pain from blinding me. The needle wounds wouldn't be difficult to heal. They were only tiny, after all, but there were so many, and they'd been so mistreated. It was my ass that had me wincing and biting back sobs. Raw was the only word I had for it. Fiery, hot, raw pain.

"I'm sorry," Asher whimpered, studying me with distraught eyes. He was so blotchy and scared. "I'm so sorry. Please, Al, tell me what to do…" He reached a hand for me before snatching it back. "When I realized what I'd done, I… Al, I'll never forgive myself."

I shook my head, ignoring him, and stood up, hobbling to where I'd faced the worst moments of my life. Dried blood crusted my legs. Though it was clear someone had attempted to clean me, there it all remained, staining my abused skin. Signs of my abuse, my torture. It was on the floor, too, underneath the ring that Hunter had threaded the rope through.

I stared at it for as much time as my body would allow, ignoring Asher as he stood too and came up behind me. Even now, even in this pain and betrayal, he bolstered me, kept me strong. I ached to lean into his body.

“You can hurt me,” Asher said after too long in silence. “I want you to hurt me. The things I did, they are indescribable, but the moments before? The uh, progression in our relationship… that was mind-blowing to me. I never thought of you that way, but I think I could grow addicted. You’re so incredible, my other half. I don’t think I can get through this without you. Can we… do you think there’s a way to ever get back there?”

“To a little bit more twincest, you mean?” I spat, trying not to balk too hard at his words. I loved him, of course I did. But time was something I decided I wanted no more of, and time is what we needed to heal. “A bit more illegal fucking, both consensual and non? You raped me, Ash. Shoved your penis inside me, along with the man who kidnapped us. How can I forgive that? Let you touch me in any way like before?” I paused. “It’s wrong, Ash.”

Asher sighed, and I knew he was tearing at his scalp, his fingers shoved into the strands of his hair. “Alice, will you listen to me?”

“I have no choice.”

“He told me he’d kill you if I didn’t, and I know he said the same to you. It’s hard not to believe his threats when we’ve both seen what he’s capable of,” he tried to explain. “I wasn’t in my right mind, I was gone. I’ll never do that again, Alice. Never. And I will spend my entire life groveling at your feet for forgiveness. And even when you’ve given it, I will remain there, all for you. I’m yours, Alice. That’s what this has proven to me. In the moments I was his? I was disgusting.”

“You were his for too long, Asher. You didn’t come back to me in time.” My voice raised, pain building, and I was still unable to look at him. He was warm at my shoulder, a few steps closer, but didn’t touch. “You took so much pleasure from it. You sucked his cock after, even when you returned to yourself. Explain that!” The image of him licking my blood from Hunter’s cock will haunt me. The way his eyes were blown out with lust, the moans he loosed…

“I’ve seen you with him too,” Asher responded, his need to defend himself rising. “The way you let him touch you? Don’t think it’s just me here, falling under him.”

The truth of his words sent me to my knees. My hatred for Hunter ran deep, right along with my desire for him. It was fucked up, twisted and ruinous, but even in the torture, the pain, the knowledge that I was pleasing him warmed some deep dark part of me. Whatever he was doing was

working. Whoever this was for would be thrilled, or scorning him for his horrors. I hadn't figured it out yet. Who would want this?

So I fell to the floor, my head in my hands, curled up and sobbed. Underneath my torture, in the stains of red and patches of dried wet, I poured my soul out, letting it mix with my lowest point.

At some point, Asher joined me, his knees pressing into mine from the front and his body curving over. I let him hold me, comfort me. In everything, he was still my brother, my twin. My other part. I gave my body what it was begging for. Closed the part of me away that heaved with repulsion.

Hours passed on our knees, and through every second of it, I expected Hunter to come, to pull us apart, force horrors on us and make us break the other one's heart again. He didn't, though. He left us alone in our grief. I don't know if it was compassion or what on his part, but he let us have this.

And with both of us curled over the spot where I'd pushed the needle into the ground, it worked in our favor. Hunter couldn't see as I clawed at the groove in the concrete floor, shoving my nail in until it bled, to prise the thin needle free. When it had rolled to my feet while I was half-unconscious and dripping blood, I thought for sure he'd notice me using my toe to grind it into the crevice under the soles of my feet.

But he didn't.

And as I slipped the needle under the bandages over my groin, back to the scene of the crime, it was with renewed vigor. Asher's breath caught on a gasp when he saw it, but I silenced him with a quick peck on the cheek. We couldn't speak on it, didn't know how good Hunter's microphones were. But it was there. I would get the bastard.

Asher and I were going to die down here, of that I was certain, but I would cause Hunter as much pain as possible on our way out.

Hopefully, he would join us in hell.

OceanofPDF.com

17

Alice

HUNTER GAVE US A week alone, like he was avoiding the horror he had unleashed in his basement. We would have believed he'd abandoned us, left us to rot now that he had managed to break us down to our very marrow, but food arrived sporadically.

And I heard him, saw him, when he thought we were asleep. He would bring food and water, exchange our bucket. He didn't want us dying, but he wanted nothing else, either. Unless it was for our emotions to fester with my wounds, of course, then he was nailing it.

They weren't festering, though. By some miracle, the needle marks were healing. My ass hurt less every day. The only thing festering down here was our stench. The water given was just enough to keep us hydrated and for Asher to pat my injuries clean. And the food was only just sufficient to keep our stomachs from caving in. We'd both began losing weight. It hadn't been long enough for anything significant, but there was a new dip in Asher's cheeks that I didn't like.

But with all of it, the tension never ebbed. I was ready at every moment to use the needle as a weapon. The tiny, inconsequential little tool that could change everything if I could just land it right. Time the moment of our bid for freedom. And I would. Thoughts of how I would do it consumed me. What point he would choose to come back and unleash his devilry?

Asher and I never stopped touching. It didn't turn into anything other than comforting touches and gentle kisses. I didn't think we could ever return to that, not even as death approached. I was broken, bruised. Both internal and external torture had rendered me incapable of those thoughts. Even as they reveled in the darkness sunk deep in my bones, the thoughts stayed at odds with my actions.

As what I assumed was the evening settled in, Asher and I found ourselves huddled on the mattress, stroking each other's arms and humming pop songs to pass the time. It had been longer than usual since food arrived, and it had us both on edge. Something was about to happen. Change heated the air.

Neither of us flinched when the door opened, and Hunter walked in with a new bag, a fresh bucket and a wicked smirk.

"Stop that," he said in way of greeting – not like I would expect a polite hello from our tormentor, but he was more abrupt than usual, less teasing. "Stand." His eyes coursed over my body as I stood, so used to my nakedness it meant nothing now. Asher came up behind me, wrapping an arm around my waist to hold my wobbling frame steady.

We both felt it. This would be the last time.

"Stand in front of me," Hunter continued in his new, more brusque way. "I've decided it's about time to let you both upstairs again."

I felt Asher's surprise at that, along with my own. My eyes dropped to the bag in Hunter's grasp, and he chuckled. Something was different. Wrong with him. He appeared erratic. Frantic.

"There are stipulations, of course," he said with a smirk, some of that smugness I'd come to know from him leaking out. "I liked the needles in you." He looked me in the eye, enjoying my wince. "Has me wondering what a piercing would look like…"

He held a hand up when both of us opened our mouth to protest, tutting and shaking his head. "Don't worry, that's not for now." He laughed, a bitter, cold sound. "I've got something more fun in store today. If you want me to trust you…" He met both our eyes, one before the other. "It's time to break the last barrier."

"What do you mean?" I muttered, afraid. What the hell else was there left? These games, this sexual torture… what could he possibly want now? This man terrified me, but in that moment, when his smile stretched and his eyes grew wilder, that terror intensified. Something was very wrong. A

sense of danger rippled through me, a reminder that I was prey to this man, a thing to destroy, and every hair on my body stood up. Death was coming for us.

Hunter's grin was broad, manic, and he dug into his bag, producing a… I didn't know. It was a hose like object with some attachments.

"Give your brother an enema." His words were full of glee. "His ass is mine. And while I like a bit of fluid play, scat isn't my thing. And you two stink." He plonked the tools in my hands. "You can have filthy bodies, but he'll have a squeaky clean ass."

Biding our time. That's what we were doing. I think Hunter was too. He seemed twitchy, glaring up at the ceiling every few seconds.

"What's going on?" I blurted, unable to help myself. My fight was trying to claw its way past the flight. The stupidity of my loud mouth.

Hunter stared at me, tilted his head. "You're giving your brother an enema so I can shove my cock into his clean hole. You don't need to know more than that."

I followed his eyeline to the ceiling, to the light bulb that I was certain housed a camera. Who was watching? Was it live? A pay-per-view service? Or was it more private than that? The mystery of it itched at my skin. I was done being his puppet. It was ending today.

"I don't know how," I muttered, dropping my gaze to give the bastard as much submission as possible. If I took it too far, he'd realize. He'd sense it was fucking fake.

Hunter stepped forward and stroked my cheek, calming a little. "I'll teach you, beautiful girl. I want to watch close up anyhow." His fingers curled into my greasy hair. "Do a good job and I'll let you shower after."

He grasped my strands hard until I winced, then let me go. "On all fours," he told Asher.

As Asher passed me, he squeezed my hand. Almost the end. This was never happening again. We would both drift through whatever the fuck Hunter had planned until the right moment approached.

My brother sank to his hands and knees in the middle of the room, the apparent place for our torture, right at Hunter's feet.

Trying to hold back the thousands of insults racing through my mind, the urge to jump our captor and claw his eyes out, I fell down behind Asher on my knees and read the instructions on the enema kit. "Um, I think we need water for this."

Hunter grinned and nodded, leaving our space for a moment before returning with the bucket he'd brought in. I dreaded to see the contents, begging for it to be only water. Warm, hopefully. I dipped my finger in, finding it icy cold. It was just water, thank fuck. My mind fell into the dark pit of all the things he could have forced me to push into Asher. All components to make the act so much more severe. But this wasn't the torture. Not yet.

I urged Asher's legs apart and got to it, attaching the hose to the side of the bucket to suck up the liquid, and spitting on the attachment that would go inside Asher. Of course, Hunter had given us no lube. He openly rubbed his crotch while he watched us, and I resisted the urge to look at him. Acknowledge him.

A quiet part of me wanted to make this hurt for my brother, overfill him or shove the implement in dry, but I didn't. Some fucked up revenge for what he'd done under duress, under torture. That would give Hunter what he craved from us, and fuck that. I sucked my finger for a moment and rubbed it over Asher's waiting asshole. He was tense. I could tell from how tight the pucker felt, so I massaged it more, soothing him until his muscles relaxed a fraction.

Pressing the enema inside him didn't look as strange as I thought it would, and the way he reacted wasn't with anguish. He just seemed a bit uncomfortable. But when the water started flowing inside him, cold and unrelenting, it was clear it hurt.

"Yesss," Hunter groaned, squatting down to the side for a better view. "Fill him up, make his belly bulge with it." He stroked Asher's stomach, massaging his skin right above his pubic hair.

I didn't stop filling him up until the bucket was empty and Asher's belly distended a little.

"Hold it in there," Hunter demanded, kissing Asher's back, laying soft, sucking pecks along his side and down his spine, like he was worshipping him. I watched in silence, awaiting my next command.

Asher's toes curled, and he keened with a pained sound. After minutes passed, Hunter encouraged him to move, sitting with a squat so his ass was near the floor and his belly pressed into his thighs. Asher was sweating, his brows drawn together as Hunter held onto his face, forcing my brother's gaze on him.

“Pull it out now,” Hunter told me, excited. “And you.” He pecked Asher’s nose. “You push.”

I withdrew the hose from Asher’s ass, watching as water trickled out before his hole clenched up. Asher shook his head, seemingly afraid to release.

“Push,” Hunter urged. “Let me hear you cleaning yourself out for me.”

Asher was so tense, his muscles tight, his ass cheeks drawn together and his toes curled under. This would never be over, and I needed it to be. So I spat on my finger again and pushed it inside him. No warning, no preparation, just my entire finger thrust deep in his wet asshole.

He gasped, and as I yanked it out, a gush of fluid followed. I looked away then, listening as water poured from him, the sound of splashing mixing with his groans as his ass emptied onto the floor. Hunter talked him through it, cooing and praising until it was all out, stroking at his skin with an unnerving tenderness.

“Give him a taste,” Hunter said, looking at me from around my brother. “Check he’s thoroughly cleaned. Then we can go upstairs and settle in for a night of fun.”

Shockingly, the first thought I had was the surprise that it was nighttime. The idea of licking Asher’s ass was nothing now. And I could see it was clean. Pink and glistening. So I didn’t speak back or even react before leaning down and swiping my tongue over his hole, tasting only skin.

“You want to check?” I asked Hunter, shoving my flat tongue out at him. He chuckled, then stood. Waving at us to follow.

My eye landed on Asher’s ass again. It looked so… tight. Unabused. Mine still hurt, the terrible diet we were on down here not helping matters. Would Asher end up like me? Would we die both as abused as a body can be? The thought was unbearable.

And as I followed Hunter up the stairs, that sense of uncomfort stuck. I didn’t want him to win.

***

This wasn’t Hunter’s bedroom, but it was still warm and cozy. But then anyplace would be compared to our home for the last however long. The bed was large, and so desperately inviting. He laid towels down over the sheets, then guided both Asher and me to lie down. He questioned whether to tie us up, but then flashed a cocky grin and shrugged. It was like he was

goading us, like he knew it was ending now, too. Something different hung heavy over us.

“First, we need to get this bandage off,” he directed at me. “I want to see your damaged pussy. I bet it looks like a fucking cheese grater with all those holes.”

“You’re sick,” I blurted, then sucked my lips into my mouth to stop myself from carrying on. *Bide your time.*

Hunter cricked his neck, ignoring my words – but tension struck harder between us, anger showing in the way his nostrils flared.

His fists clenched, his eyes narrowed, and he took deep breaths. If he made me take this bandage off now, I’d have nowhere to hide the needle. I needed to get on the bed, bury it in the sheets or under the pillow, then await the perfect moment.

“Get your brother ready for me,” he said through gritted teeth. “Unlike you, he hasn’t been *naughty*. He deserves prep.”

With no hesitation, I rolled over and positioned myself between Asher’s legs. I knew what Hunter wanted from me, and yeah, fuck it. We weren’t getting out of here alive. None of us were.

As I spread my brother’s thighs and bent down to bury my face between his legs, I was over trying to fight my pull to him. With the first drag of my tongue across his asshole, and his intense response, I decided I wanted to enjoy our last time together. It was sick. We all were. But my fear ebbed, the power in knowing I was going out fighting, that we had a plan. We were going to overpower Hunter with a needle and a damn prayer.

Asher groaned when I shoved my tongue into his hole, refusing to let him hurt. I would get him ready, defy Hunter’s desire to have us hate each other. We weren’t his to manipulate. I was Asher’s. And Asher was mine.

Almost the end.

OceanofPDF.com

18

Asher

ALICE OPENED ME UP with care, spending so much time with her head down there, her tongue lapping and shoving into my hole, that I almost forgot where we were, what was happening. I craved more, was so close to losing myself in what she was doing that when Hunter shoved her to the side, reality slammed back like a punch to the face.

Shit.

This was happening now. Alice had a weapon. A tiny, insignificant, little weapon that held our futures in its thin metal body.

Despite how twisted things had become in my mind, or maybe because of it, I craved it. I needed to know. And it needed to be before this ended. If what Alice told me was true, if we died, I wanted to feel him inside me. The disgusting, horrifying man who'd done unthinkable acts to me and my sister, who'd forced a taboo out of us… in the most depraved parts of my mind, I wanted him to fuck me before we all died.

Alice could never know. But I feared she would see it in my reaction. Nevertheless, when he swapped places with her, settling between my legs and demanding she lie next to me and stroke my cock, my heart squeezed for them both. For him. *God damn it.* How could I be this fucked up to be so conscious of the man? To react as I did at his touch?

Hunter played with my warm, softened hole, thrusting three fingers into me and stretching, grinning when it gave easily. I'd never wanted anything buried in me before, never considered being fucked by a man, but here, with him, I craved it. And when he notched his cock against me, it was my movement that drove him inside. A shove of my hips down, and he breached my body. I whimpered, surprising everyone in the room with my eagerness. Alice looked accepting, and she continued to stroke my shaft, nodding an almost imperceptible amount.

Tensing increased the pain of his entry, so I forced myself to relax and he cooed and coaxed himself inside. The intimacy, the sensation of being breeched, and how my sister's hand never stopped working me all set me on fire. Each touch was more intense because I knew how wrong it all was. Alice, my sister. Hunter, my captor. Neither of their touches should be so welcome.

"Good boy," Hunter groaned when his hips touched my ass. "Perfect boy," he told me when he moved back, the drag of his cock intense as it passed over what I could only assume was my prostate. Delicious aches rocketed through me, made my balls throb. Fuck. What a way to die.

Hunter's eyes were hard on mine, questioning, curious. His hands roamed up and down my legs, curving them around my ass, up behind my knees, and down to my inner thighs, before meeting Alice's touch on my balls, joining her in jacking me off.

He stared at her, never pausing his rhythm as my body bounced for him. He grunted, huffed, eyes burning into her. Like he knew she had a secret. Electricity crackled between them.

I cupped his cheek, turned him to look at me. "Kiss me," I asked him. "Please, I need it."

Lust overtook his curiosity, and he ripped his gaze from Alice. He leaned down, hovering over me. "You want me to kiss you, dirty little boy?" he teased, flicking his tongue out to lick over my bottom lip.

"Please," I begged, my breaths short stutters as he slammed into me, making my ass cheeks bounce and my lungs catch. His eyes were alight as he smashed his lips to mine, rough and filthy, claiming. I cried into it, the war in my mind raging. It felt so fucking good. I wanted him to do it, craved his touch, his mouth, his cock. But all the shit he'd done to us, to Alice. How could I? How fucked up was I?

I could almost forget, sink, love him. Be his pet, or whatever else it was he kidnapped us for. I reached out for Alice and found her gone.

At some point, she'd slipped away, my plan to distract Hunter successful. I didn't know how it made me feel. Scared. Excited?

"Fuck me harder," I begged, whispering against Hunter's lips. Wanting to finish this before she finished him. Hunter groaned into my mouth and obliged, slamming his hips and panting out quick breaths as he worked with his eyes wide open, gaze never straying from me.

In any other life, it would be perfect.

But not this one.

Over Hunter's shoulder, Alice reared up, ready to strike.

If only I'd been enough.

Hunter's eyes darkened a second before she landed her blow, and he twisted around, roaring and grabbing her by the wrists as his dick ripped free from my hole. Alice screamed, struggled and fought with him, her fists clenched above her head as he gripped her by the throat and smashed her into the wall.

Terror had every one of my muscles tensing.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Hunter growled at her, grasping the hands above her head and squeezing until she cried out. She looked scared, raging, and I hated it. So damn close. "What was your plan? To punch me to death with those little fists? Fucking idiot." Hunter's voice was cold, reminiscent of the villain who'd first taken us. It made me realize how much he'd changed over the course of our captivity. This man was out to kill.

Alice went to shake her head, but Hunter screamed in fury and shoved her down by her shoulders, making her yelp and cry when her ass hit the floor. I was frozen to the bed, legs still wide, staring, stuck. Useless.

Hunter thrust his lube-slicked cock against Alice's face, and she winced and tried to turn away, whining and choking with her lips mashed shut.

"I swear to fucking christ, if you don't open your mouth and suck this ass-covered dick down, I'm going to chop Asher's cock off and feed you that instead."

Did it make me a crazy person that his threat hurt my feelings a little? *Fuck.*

Alice's mouth fell open and she let him shove his cock between her lips. Her wet eyelashes fluttered and her eyebrows scrunched as he abused her

throat. She looked distraught.

“You’ve gotta clean your brother’s ass off so I can fuck you without you with germs – don’t want a diseased pussy stinking up the place,” Hunter huffed at her, slamming into her face to the point there was no way her teeth weren’t scraping against his shaft. She cried with every thrust, and he caught her stream of tears on his finger, shoving that inside her mouth alongside his cock. Her lip cracked from the stretch, blood trickling down her chin, but she fucking took it.

While I sat there and observed.

Even when he held her with her nose buried in his pubes, unable to breathe and turning red. I watched again. Did nothing again. Lost again.

Eventually, he yanked her away and threw her on the bed, her eyes saucers, rolling around her skull like she was half-cut. He continued to yell at her, his rage palpable in the air even though his words were nonsense.

“Alice…” I tried to get her attention, but Hunter pushed her so she fell on me, her back thudding into my front. Then he lowered himself down on top of her. He was rabid, wide-eyed, and wild.

“Watch me,” he growled, sparing me a glance. “Both of you. Watch as I claim this beaten up pussy. Then I’ll have had all of you. No going the fuck back now.”

He shoved into her. And in the same moment, with her eyes bulging, her hand came up to his face. She screamed, hoarse and guttural. Feral.

I saw a glint of metal, and in the second where it dawned on me what she was about to do, Hunter erupted with a horrifying yell.

Alice drove the needle into his eye, grinding it, twisting it, screaming at him as she sat up, following his attempts to get away.

“You fucking bitch!” he yelled, blood streaming down his face as he scrambled back, his still hard cock bobbing between his legs as he fell from the bed and Alice climbed on top of him, not letting up, even when he thrashed and clawed at her, she held that needle in his eye, stabbing, bellowing, raging.

She was stuck in it, in and out, driving and screaming as she overpowered him. So I acted, fucking finally, clawing my way to the surface to help her finish what she’d started.

I strode up to them and stamped on Hunter’s head. The first time had little effect. The second made his undamaged eye blur. The third sent him into oblivion.

“Alice,” I said as she collapsed back on her legs, sucking in deep breaths. I scooped her up and off of him, refusing to look at the mess she’d caused to his eye. “We’re not dying here.”

She blinked, focusing on me like she was surprised to find another person in her world. Blood covered her hand, her chin, it smeared over her body in messy splatters.

Watching her fight, I didn’t want this to be the end for us. Seeing Hunter overcome, injured, unconscious on the floor and bloody… this couldn’t be our conclusion. Alice was fighting. Giving up now made no sense. For any of us. Someone needed to pay. And I wasn’t sure it was Hunter.

“What?” she asked, distant.

“We’re getting out of here.” I grabbed her hands. “Come on.”

OceanofPDF.com

19

Alice

MY HANDS VIBRATED AS hot adrenaline rushed through my veins. Hunter was unconscious at my feet, his breathing ragged but there. Asher was trying to tug me away from him, his hands wrapping around my arm, clawing into my skin when I wouldn't move. I didn't want to turn away from what we'd done. I just knew he'd be one of those asshole horror movie villains that had one last attack in them. The second I glanced away from him, dropped my guard even a fraction, he'd be on me, fists and violence flying as the last few moments came to nothing. Springing to life like nothing had ever happened and laughing in our faces.

No. I wouldn't allow that to happen. Not this time.

"Alice," Asher muttered again, his voice so soft and desperate, like he feared what I might do next. "Let's go, please."

"We can't just leave him here," I replied, staring at his still-handsome face. Despite the gore that I'd turned his eye into, the bruises forming from Asher's kicks, he still had his looks. His eyebrows stayed furrowed, his limbs splayed, his chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. I was almost glad he hadn't died.

Asher looked confused. "We need to go now. Fuck trying to help him." But even as he said that, I didn't believe he meant it. We were both connected to Hunter in some bone deep way neither of us understood. Even

if Asher didn’t know it yet, we needed to see it through. Find out the why, the what. Who was watching from the cameras? Who was this for? I didn’t believe it was all him.

“We can’t just run, Ash. We aren’t helping him, though.” I turned to look at my brother, really studied him for a moment. We were all naked, but that was our normal now. His expression was one of acceptance. Discomfort. We had to do this. He knew as well as I did.

A long moment passed, full of tension, as I waited for Asher to admonish me, but he nodded. “Let’s just get some clothes on first, then we’ll drag his ass down to the basement.”

THROWING HUNTER INTO THE basement was strange. He remained unconscious as we thumped him down each hard step, and only groaned when Asher heaved him up onto his feet and I tied him to the beam, leaving him hanging by his wrists. It was fucking awkward to do with two sets of hands, let alone one, and he kept slipping away from us, crumpling on the floor. But finally, he was up there. His head lolled to the side, and his hands strained, turning purple, from the weight on them. I hoped they fucking turned black and fell off.

I stepped back to admire our handiwork, frowning. His feet scraped over the blood and urine stains caused by his torture, dragging and curling under him. He was so wide, so muscular, even hanging there he looked powerful. Asher and I weren’t sporty, neither of us had much weight to throw behind ourselves, and getting him into position had both of us a little winded.

“We should fix his eye up,” Asher commented, coming to stand next to me with a box of medical supplies he’d fetched from upstairs.

Walking through Hunter’s house, free of him, had been quite the experience. He had cameras and tech everywhere, all the doors and windows were locked and coded, and the glass was inches thick. He’d put time and effort and money into making this place inescapable. If we killed him, we would be stuck here, starving day by day, when his well-stocked kitchen ran out. There must be a way. An override. Something. It would be maddening to overcome him but still die in his domain.

He had enough food to last weeks, more, along with a large stock of torture devices, medical supplies and sex toys. Some of them made me shudder, but some had me curious. If he was a dick when he woke up, I might let him experience some of the horror he'd piled onto us…

I looked at my brother as the dark thoughts worked their way into my head. If he knew what I was thinking, would he look past it? Forgive it? He was softer than me, he wanted to run, not seek vengeance. He was here for me now.

Hunter's eye was completely mangled – funny how much damage a tiny needle could do. But I think the rage behind it, the desperation, made the miniscule tool have the power of a fucking machete.

Together, Asher and I cleaned the eye, keeping a close watch on Hunter's breathing in case he woke up. The knock to the head had wiped him. I wondered if we needed to be worried about that, but fuck him. Once his eye was clean and bandaged, with antiseptic cream dabbed all around it, I shoved an antibiotic into his mouth and used my fingers to push it down his throat. Still no reaction. It was unnerving. I wiped my fingers on his chest and stepped back.

Didn't want an infection getting him before we had answers. He had enough stock to almost kill us and bring us back from the brink over and over. Why?

"Let's leave him down here, get some sleep. Some food," Asher said, cupping my elbow to guide me away. Hunter had the code for the basement door, so he could get out, but we shut it anyway. He was stuck on the rope, and I didn't feel like hearing him shouting if he did wake up. Not yet, anyway. Sleep beckoned.

Asher and I washed away the night. Sharing a shower even though we didn't have to now, not mentioning that we could be apart. We cleaned each other, using Hunter's soap and shampoo until we squeaked. I even washed Asher's ass for him, dipping my fingers inside his hole until his cock stiffened and his eyes squeezed shut. We wanted to remove all signs of Hunter, pre-cum and saliva and sweat. All of it. This was our fresh start.

I kissed my brother, unable to stop myself from pouring my love into him, my hand drifting from his ass to his hip. He groaned, deep in his throat, and shoved me against the shower wall, scooping my legs up to bring them around his waist. His cock rested on my pussy, and I fluttered for him. Shit. This still seemed so real. His lips on mine, the way it felt to

have his hands on my body, running up and down my waist, cupping my tits… his hips grinding into mine as he sought friction.

I whimpered his name against his lips, and he plunged his tongue against mine.

“Fuck, Alice, I’m so fucking desperate for you…” he moaned. “Even if this is the last time. The only time without it being forced, please, let me inside you…”

He was right. We needed this without the threat of death or punishment hanging over our heads. A positive experience to wash away all the horror committed upon us. I knew it was a lie I was telling myself, but I didn’t care. I wanted him. It was an urgent, aching need. And in the darkness of what we’d just done, the foggy cubicle of the shower, nothing else mattered.

“Do it,” I begged. “Fuck me, Asher. I need it. Need you. I love you, Asher. Please…” My words mumbled and tumbled together as I lifted my hips and tried to get him notched at my fluttering hole. This was the last way to wash Hunter away. He wouldn’t be the last person inside me now. Someone who loved me would.

Asher kissed down my neck, sucking and licking as the water steamed the air around us. Each of his touches felt electric, perfect. How wild to think we would never have experienced this. Would never have known how it felt to touch each other so intimately. It was all-consuming, magical. We knew each other better than anyone, and this last line crossed was the most natural thing in the world.

Asher leaned back, dropping his gaze to where we almost met. The shaft of his cock rested all along my pussy, the head nudging at my belly. I clenched my legs around him and fucked up and down, running my entire pussy along his cock. It looked wicked, so filthy, as my lips cupped his nestled in shaft. He was so warm and hard, rubbing at my clit.

“Holy fuck, Al,” Asher groaned, grabbing my hips to slow me down. “If you keep doing that, I’m gonna come.”

I laughed, not pausing even as he groaned. It looked too good, and seeing him fall apart for me was amazing. It had my belly clenching, my nipples tensing despite the warm air. “Get inside me then, Ash, because I’m close too.”

“Look at me while I do it,” he demanded, and my eyes flew to his.

He shifted, and inch by delicious inch, he pushed inside. So slow, so torturous. Our eyes widened together. We gasped and groaned and

shuddered as he worked his way in, opening my walls and dragging along them until he was thudding against my cervix. My body was alight with electricity, sweat and tingles all driving me towards where we met. Asher was inside me. We were both willing. I grinned at him and moved, grinding my hips.

“Fuck, I love you, Al,” he told me, crowding back into my space so our bodies touched everywhere possible. My arms fell around his neck, my tits squeezed against his pecs, and he lost all control. He growled, a sound I’d never heard from him before, and slammed his cock into me, again and again. It ached, such a warm and fiery sensation setting me alight, zapping out from my pussy and racing through every inch of me.

He used his grip on my ass cheeks to hoist me up and down, forcing me to meet each of his thrusts with my own, making everything so intense, almost aggressive, but still so perfect. Asher was my brother, my twin, my other half. Nothing could take that away, not even this being forced upon us. We would claim it for our own.

“Touch yourself,” he huffed in my ear. “Make yourself come on my cock, big sis.” I was five minutes older than him, something I lorded over him when we were children, but here it was just teasing, relishing in the filth of what we were doing. No Shame. I did as he said, forcing my hand between us to massage my clit. I was already so close, I needed little friction to tip over the edge I was balancing on.

Asher’s breathing turned erratic as he reached his peak, and I smashed my mouth to his as we came together, my orgasm rolling on into his as we both writhed and ground our hips together, crying into the other’s mouth. My pussy squeezed and fluttered around his cock, milking his cum deep inside my body. Thank fuck for the birth control.

I was coming back down, my legs still off the ground, my back still pressed against the shower wall, but my heart beat slowing. Asher still looked restless, unfinished, his eyes wild, yearning.

“What is it?” I asked, touching his furrowed brow.

“C-Can I taste us?” he asked, the desire for consent almost making me laugh after all that had happened. “I want to taste us together, without him. Just us.”

I gave a small nod, and he pulled his softening cock out of my body, settling my feet on the floor, running his hands down my legs as he lowered himself. He fell to his knees with an uncomfortable sounding thud, too

eager to be gentle with himself. I mourned the loss of his cock inside me, but his tongue pressed to my clit, swirling and soft, and I no longer cared. I understood him, his urges, and couldn't wait for the kiss that would follow. We had further to go, but this was a great first step to removing Hunter from our lives for good.

Asher ate my pussy like a man possessed, his moans and groans feral as his tongue swiped through my lips, shoved into my hole, and plunged in and out. "Fucking hell," he muttered into my body. "You taste so good. My cum pouring out of you is so amazing. I've never been so turned on in my life…"

I saw his cock thickening again, surprised at his short refractory period. We were both battling exhaustion, but couldn't get enough of each other.

"Kiss me, Asher," I demanded. "Kiss me, then take me to bed."

Asher pulled me down to him and smashed his cum-covered lips to mine. We shared our mixed flavor until his cum was gone, massaging our tongues together and licking everywhere we could. It was filthy, but reclaiming. I never wanted it to end.

We stumbled to the living room on shaky legs, avoiding Hunter's room with its blood splatters and terrible memories, and collapsed onto the couch together. Asher entered me from behind with no preamble, spooning my body close, and we worked each other to another slow orgasm before falling asleep.

Tomorrow, we had work to do, but in that quiet, dark moment, with just him, with a flicker of freedom, warmth took me.

OceanofPDF.com

20

Hunter

I WOKE WITH A laugh burning in my throat, and stabbing pain across my face. She'd fucking done it. Got one over on me. Waited until I was distracted by her brother's delicious lips and driven something sharp into my fucking eye, blinding me both physically and mentally. Anger coursed through me as I fought back, but they won. They *won*. It should be fury raging through me as I swung from the rafters of my basement, but I suppressed a smirk instead. I wonder what he'd think of it all now?

The night in my bedroom was being live streamed to him. He would have seen his children react, fight back, sink into my desires, then turn against them. I hoped he was terrified of what was to come. He told me he didn't want them back, that he cared little about what I did to them, but that couldn't be true. He wasn't that dead inside. Surely. But no matter how far I pushed it, pushed them, he never reacted beyond contempt for me.

It was enraging. So I decided to take everything from them while I forced him to watch, threatening to release all the footage I had of them, of him, if the eye tracking software I'd remote-installed on his laptop told me he looked away. I wonder when he did? If it was when I had his daughter lick his son's ass, or when I shoved myself inside him? Maybe it was when she stabbed me in the eye and he kicked me in the head until I lost consciousness.

They were savages, too.

And it made me love them even more. Couldn’t have planned it any fucking better, truly.

I tried to clear my vision, blinking through the sharp pain across my left eyelid, and realized where I was, what I was standing on. Fuck, they’d knocked me out stone cold and dragged my heavy body to the basement. Strung me up and abandoned me, barefoot and naked, standing in urine and excrement, blood and semen. A lot of it was likely my own. At this point, based on how fucked my body appeared to be, I’d been down here at least a day. There was even ice cream, dried out and sticky on the floor.

That had been a last-minute decision, an old memory surfacing I knew would drive him crazy.

I grinned and found the camera in the light bulb swinging above my head, so close they would be able to see the glint in my eye, like I’d been able to watch the anguish in theirs. “You clever bastards!” I shouted, rocking the rope around my wrists so my body swung. The movement allowed tiny streams of blood to pulse through where the ropes dug into my skin, making my hands ache and sting as life flooded back in. It mixed with the excitement racing through the rest of my body. I couldn’t wait to lay my eyes on the twins in all their fucked up glory. See what they had in store.

“Come on, lovers!” I bellowed, knowing they would be watching, that they would have explored and found the surveillance room. “Don’t be shy now!”

But they didn’t come. They left me there, yelling and swaying, goading them. They left me until I pissed myself, until my eye throbbed, pain relief gone from my body. Until I passed out from exhaustion.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK we should do now?” Alice’s voice woke me up with a jump, and I found her, standing before me dressed in my clothes, washed and bright-faced. A black shirt hanging to mid-thigh, and a pair of gray boxers peeking out. Witnessing her wearing my things set off something caveman in me. Asher wore my things too, but they fit him better. A pair of my jogging bottoms that showed off his dick print deliciously, and a tight white tank. He set off the caveman in me, too, but it

bothered me more seeing his flesh tucked away. I wanted him naked, at my feet, easy access.

They looked too clean, too unbroken. How long had they left me here? How long had they rattled around upstairs unable to get free before realizing they needed me?

The only way out was with the code in my head. There was no key, no emergency exit. If I died, they would be stuck here with my corpse until they began to decay right alongside me. The fuckers had to work with me, whether they liked it or not.

Asher came up beside Alice, his hand settling on her hip, a little too low to be friendly. My vision snagged on it, and I couldn't help but wonder if they'd been fucking. They both certainly looked satisfied. I knew their post fuck flushes now, and both of them glowed with it.

It had taken surprisingly little to make them fall for each other like that. The sick fuckers. The smallest encouragement, threat over their heads, and they were all over each other. Slurping cock, licking pussy, ass, all of it. Fucking loving life when they could pretend it was all my fault they had these disgusting feelings. Dirty, criminal feelings. But they would argue not as dirty and criminal as me. Especially when I shared every last one of my hideous little secrets.

"Everything he did to you would be a good start," Asher replied, his hair slicked back with my products, his beard shaved with my razor. Intimate. I wondered if he smelled like me? If they'd used my soap when they washed each other. The air stank of their pheromones, of my laundry detergent and their horniness for each other. It made me sick with need.

Alice frowned, teasing, enjoying herself far too much for someone who proclaimed horror at what I'd done. She was fucked up. I'd fucked her up good. "But I don't have a cock. No DP here. I suppose we could raid his dirty sex cupboard, or just use a cucumber…"

"Didn't see any in the fridge."

Alice sighed. "Nuts." They were toying with me, trying to get a reaction. I loved it. "Ice cream again, then? That felt fucking terrible going in." She focused her stony eyes on me. "Did you know that? Do you want to find out how it feels to have something so cold, so syrupy, shoved deep inside you without your consent?"

My eyes narrowed. I wanted to tell her that I did. That all my ideas and techniques came from prior experience. But not at my hand. No, I was the

victim. Everything done to them? I knew exactly how it felt. The ice cream had been when my nanny brought some to the house for me, smuggled it to the basement with my dinner because it was my birthday. He'd found out. Of course he had. I wasn't allowed anything that resembled normalcy. The rest of the pint went inside me the same way it had into Alice.

But I kept my mouth shut. My gaze darted between the twins as they spoke, enjoying every moment of them teasing me. They looked so beautiful, healthy and whole – their damage hidden beneath clean clothes and soaped up skin. It made my cock thicken, my nakedness hiding nothing as it rose to attention, pointing at the two it wanted most of all.

Neither of them balked at the sight, both stepping forward and into my space.

"Ah, he stinks," Alice said, taking the lead like I knew she would. She would be so perfect by my side, just as dark and depraved with the smallest of motivations. Perhaps all this had been was the same baptism into depravity I'd endured. She was all caught up now.

I grinned at her. "I can't wait for you to fuck me," I said. "Both of you."

Alice nodded, her face like that's exactly what she wanted to hear. I wasn't sure she was even playing, sinking into my role as captor, aggressor, she was beautiful. When she pulled a kitchen knife out of her back pocket and held it aloft, it looked like it belonged there. "With this?" she asked, tilting her head. "But which end?"

Oh, she was so delicious. I spread my legs for her as she walked behind me, running the tip of the blade along my skin.

Perfect. This was perfect. Their darkness, I knew it was in there. It was the same as mine.

"We'll have to get you a strap on, little slut," I provoked her, flinching at the cool metal scraping down my ass crack.

She stepped closer to me, the blade between us, the sharp tip digging into my lower back.

"Why aren't you afraid?" she asked with a curious whisper.

I looked at Asher, brother, softest of all of us, and observed his reaction, what he thought of his sister's darkness showing itself in full light. She had to be broken down to be rebuilt. Just like him. Just like me.

I was only putting them through the same thing. The clutches of family ripping you apart, breaking you, throwing you to the wolves. They'd both done it, felt it. Like me. They were identical to me.

“Look at Asher,” I muttered, lowering my head and glaring up at him through my eyelashes. My hands were tied up so I couldn’t figure out what they’d done – if anything – to my damaged eye. But I wasn’t able to see through it. It made Asher seem flatter, both close and far. Vaguely 2D.

Alice said nothing, no rebuttal or refusal. She was waiting. Staring at our youngest.

“I need you two to be looking at each other, don’t turn away.” Even now, though I was tied up, I had them at my command. It had my cock growing even harder. Fuck, messing everything up turned me on. “That darkness you both sense racing through your veins? The one buried deep in you. It comes from the same place as mine. It comes from our daddy.”

OceanofPDF.com

21

Alice

“DADDY SAMUELS IS AN old man now,” Hunter said, still swinging from the ceiling, his eyes wicked as he looked from me to Asher, relishing in our reactions to his news. He was saying… our dad was his? What the fuck. I’d stepped away, the shock of his words battling with the urge to scoff at them. “But he was a young man when he had me. Too young. Too stupid and cold. No one to stop him.”

I grasped Asher’s hand in my own, the knife I was going to use discarded at our feet as I sought his comfort. Neither of us could move, only listen. Decide whether we believed. Despite the lack of proof beyond his bitter word, I found myself wanting to hear more. Hunter could be related to us. We had the same hair color, a similar curve of our brow. His demeanor was like that of our uncle, who was much younger than Dad and still full of life. They worked together, and watching Dad come to terms with Uncle Ryan taking over the family business had shown him in a new light. Both of them. I could see Ryan in the way Hunter moved, the way he provoked.

It was something that had never occurred to me, so I’d never looked for it. But, fuck, I recognized the truth in his words. I had to swallow down the bile as my world threatened to crumble to even deeper ruin.

If he hadn’t already destroyed me down to the marrow of my bones, I think I would have reacted outwardly. Cried. Denied it. Anything. But

instead, I just listened. Calmed my tingling, wrung out mind and body.

Asher nodded to Hunter, encouraging him to continue. Hunter smirked, but it dropped, like the memories he was diving into hurt too much. He couldn't keep up his cockiness anymore. He'd managed it through swinging naked from the ceiling, but not anymore.

"I was five when you two were born and he told me he didn't want me anymore. Five when he locked me in a fucking shed in the garden of his mansion and ten when he moved me into the basement of one of his dodgy warehouses. I had school there, TV, food, a nanny who cared for me. I even had tutors, a witch of a woman that would take me to doctor's appointments and playdates. He didn't want to raise a pussy. A pathetic, weak man, he'd say. There was something in me he didn't like. He was always frustrated." Hunter paused for a moment, his brow furrowed as he dug through his brain. It was clear he hadn't planned to spill all this to us. It wasn't some grand villain speech or big reveal meant to twist us up. He looked sad.

"It wasn't until I was eighteen that he raped me for the first time," Hunter muttered, and my heart squeezed. No. Fuck no. "I had that going for me, at least. He wasn't a pedophile. I'd been beaten, sure. Starved for insubordination, yes. He murdered the nanny who I thought of as my mother. He killed her because I cried when he hit me, so she'd failed. Starvation was his favorite, sensory deprivation. All the things I've done to you? Guess where I got the ideas from?"

Nausea roiled up my throat, and I ached to reach for Hunter, to pull him down and stroke his fucking hair, soothe him and apologize. But no. Just because he'd had those things done to him, didn't make it right to spread the fucking wealth. My body was ravaged, my mind destroyed. We didn't deserve that just because of our dad. Or what he was trying to make us believe of our dad. Our family.

"I escaped when I was twenty-two. You two were seventeen. And I watched you, followed you, saw your happy life on the outside and knew it was fucking *fake."* Hunter's voice rose with the anger in his tone. "There's no fucking way you were as well-adjusted as you seemed with a father like that. And I fucking know your mother is a worthless piece of shit. She had full knowledge of where I was, who I was. When daddy dearest went on work trips, who do you think fed me?" He glared at us, relishing in our shocked faces. "Did he ever touch you? Beat you?"

I shook my head, appalled at his words, at his accusations. He spoke with such a bitter rawness, it was hard not to believe him. But I knew my parents. Dad had always been consistent in his vacancy, not good to us, cold and distant, strict to a fault. But his hands had never caused me physical harm. And Mom? She was the same, flippant, used us to roll out at parties and sent us on our way again when she was through. But they weren't criminals. Why the hell would they want to keep a boy captive for twenty-two years? How could I have been so unaware? I was about to open my mouth and tell Hunter he was a fucking liar.

Then Asher fell to his knees with a heart-wrenching sob.

"Ash?" I murmured, heart bottoming out, lowering myself beside him on pure instinct. His face was twisted up in anguish, tears gathered along his bottom lashes. "Ash?"

Hunter scoffed. "He has a thing for his boys, then. Did he never tell you that you had a big brother? I guess not. As far as I can work out, my mother was a trafficked woman he fucked, then killed once I'd been ripped from her womb. He told me once I was to be his prodigy, his slave. That he didn't have a choice, had to do it. But twins are so much better. What does he want with one when he can have two?"

"Ash?" I muttered again, ignoring Hunter's vitriol to focus on my twin. My heart shattered, the cracks filling in with pain and confusion. "Asher."

Hunter's gaze snagged with mine when I looked up at him, about to beg the tied up asshole for help. But he carried on. "He raped me almost daily. Until I managed to keep a needle he used to pierce through my testicles hidden under my foot. He'd been distracted that day, I don't know why, but he didn't count them back in properly." Hunter laughed, a bitter, cold sound. "Isn't it funny that I made the same mistake? That you got free the same way?"

"You did it to me because he did it to you?" I asked, standing and taking a step towards him, battling between the urge to cause him more pain or wallow with him in my arms. Again, I saw family features. It was like looking at one of those old seeing eye puzzles, things were jumping out at me that I hadn't noticed before. His jaw curved like my dad's. His eyes were a similar shade. He tilted his head like Uncle Ryan.

Dad never hurt me, not like that, and to be honest, I'd never have believed he was capable of something so despicable. From Asher's reaction, the way he was falling into that silence he used to protect himself, the

distraught expression on his face and the way Hunter's jaw was firm, his one healthy eye pleading... I believed it. I fucking believed them.

"Ash, please tell me. Use some words. I need to hear it," I begged, still looking at Hunter. My big brother. Fuck. He was. I could see it. Unbelievable.

Asher didn't look up as he mumbled. "He started sexually abusing me on our eighteenth birthday, like it would be better than the day before. But before that, he was grooming me. I'm sure of it." He loosed a long sigh. "Not just for… that. But for the company. For the things he wanted me to do with him. Not just for him."

My mind became a war zone of moments, flashes of memories, and trying to reconcile the haughty man I grew up with, to the monster being described to me. I couldn't fathom that I'd been so blind to it all.

"You saw me once," Hunter said, looking right at me, burning me with what looked like hatred. "I must have been about fifteen. You snuck out and hid in the boot of his car, followed him into the warehouse where he had me strung up for his buddies to whip. A bottle warehouse that was a front for the horrors of the basement. Do you remember? The beaten up teenager who begged you for help? What did he say? What excuse did he have?"

My eyes widened, and I grew distant as it rushed back to me. That strange night when I was ten. I did remember him. He was a scrawny thing then. I could only recall flashes of pale limbs and a weak, pleading voice. When Dad realized I was there, after I'd not so subtly walked down the creaky steps, he told me he'd just found the boy there, that the police were on the way, ambulances to take him to the hospital and then return him to his loving family.

"We'd saved you," I whispered. "He said we'd saved you in finding you there."

Hunter threw his head back and laughed. "He kept me in that same room for another seven years until I took that needle and stabbed him in the hand with it. The distraction was all I needed. He was an older man by then. I beat him until he wasn't moving and fucking ran. Did dirty work for dirtier men until I had enough money to survive. When you've been raised to be as emotionless as me, it's not difficult to kill, to harm. Easy money."

"I need proof." My words came out of me with little thought. I didn't need it, nor want it. I believed him.

“You don’t,” Asher said at last, raising his head from his hands and looking at me, a broken man. “He did it to me, too.” He winced. “N-not the needles, not the extreme torture, but the… he hurt me, Al.”

The image of him shattered the remaining piece of my heart, and tears flowed from my eyes at the sight of him so ruined. How did Dad get away with it? I lived with them, with him. We had family dinners, and he came to parent’s evening to listen to my grades. How?

“He’s bedridden, you know,” I told Hunter, my mind on fire with possibilities. Hunter nodded and smirked. It was a useless thing to say, but I was stuck in a loop. Rage at my father, shock at what I’d never known. I wasn’t naïve, but this… how could I ever have known. Our mother was good to us, vacant with it, but not unkind. Dad wasn’t good. He was away a lot, and when he was home, he was demanding. But… And he’d… I needed to look at Asher and make him tell me everything.

But he suddenly stood, grabbing the knife from the floor and striding to Hunter. Before I could do or say anything, he cut the rope holding Hunter up, and his large body slumped to the ground, legs probably numb from the hours of misuse. Mine had been. Asher fell with him.

I could only watch as the two men spoke through gazes. Hunter’s one eye displayed so much anguish and rage, bubbling and boiling beneath its light brown surface. So like ours. Fuck.

It was as if a shroud lifted. Took everything out of my sails and had me slumping back against the wall, staring at the two men.

Asher touched Hunter’s face, his expression pained as he grappled with the same thoughts as me.

“Why do it?” I asked. “Why hurt us? Do… all those things.” My heart squeezed. “What good did that do for you? It’s not like Dad knows.” My words felt hollow coming out, dots connected in my brain even as I said them. Dad had watched. He knew.

Hunter’s gaze grew to the darkest I’d ever seen. “I’ve shown the crippled bastard everything.”

“Of course you have.” If it was possible to feel even more hurt, more betrayed, more scared and shocked – I did.

Hunter chuffed a laugh and gave his head a shake, leaning into Asher’s touch. They shared the misery of their father, while I only had the misery of my half-brother in how he’d copied his every torture. “Since that first night, he’s had pictures, videos. He knew I was stalking you because I made it

abundantly clear. You want to hear what he said to me once? I can show you. I still have it recorded from when I video called him from outside your dorm."

I didn't want to know. Refused to know. "Tell me."

"He said just take one. Take one and fuck off."

"You should have spoken to us, found us, you didn't have to—" I stopped myself from shouting at the last moment, biting my tongue and taking a deep breath.

"He said it made no difference which. If I took you, then Asher was already half-trained. If I took Asher, then you'd make a good *pet* to sell."

Asher reached for me, holding his hand out, stretching. It was no effort at all to cross the room and fall into his arms. He brought me comfort, love, and I let myself sink into it, even with Hunter right there.

But when I looked at him now, it wasn't a tormentor I saw, it was a destroyed, damaged man. I needed to see all the evidence, hear everything. Not to prove it, but to let it take a grasp of me and destroy me, too.

The three of us, we were all individually broken, beaten, ruined. All taken to our baseline and built back up in destruction and despair.

And our father had no idea what was coming for him.

OceanofPDF.com

22

Asher

WE LEFT THE BASEMENT once all our legs worked, and we were all cried out. No victims, no captives or kidnappers, no one tied up. Hunter showed us how to leave, gave us the password and handed back our phones, our bags. He told me he was done acting like our father, and that he regretted nothing because now we were together. He'd achieved his goals, lost an eye in the process, but done what he had set out to do.

When I looked at him, I didn't see the man who'd tortured me and Alice. I saw my dad; I saw Hunter as his hand, his weapon. Everything inflicted upon me had come from my dad's mind, and when I thought back on it, it was his hands I imagined. Not Hunter's. It was an extension of what our father had already done to me. The way he'd forced me to my knees and shoved his dirty cock into my mouth. It never went further than that. Only words and pain, degradation and threats. He made me feel like I had to, promised me it would be Alice if not. It was easier to let it happen until I could get us away. College had been the reprieve. Until Hunter took us.

There was a lot of healing that needed to begin between us. The shock and hurt of discovery, of reliving how he'd tortured us, would be hard to overcome. But there was a newfound respect, camaraderie. The worst way to bond, in blood and depravity. But we had.

I knew it flowed between the three of us, this pain and terror we'd all caused each other. Hunter was the most to blame, but he was also the most damaged. Bruised and broken since he was a child. Raised unwanted, abused and used. Who could possibly expect him to be normal?

We were all quiet, exhaustion and shock dragging our limbs, but we stayed together, a trio of fragmented bodies unable to stop touching.

Hunter took us to his bedroom, not the one from before, but a larger space, with a view of a forest and an en suite bathroom. The natural daylight made me blink in surprise at it. It was the middle of the damned day. I knew when Al and I had walked back down to the basement, having showered, slept and eaten, that it was morning, but it didn't seem possible that something so harrowing could take place in anything but the pits of nighttime.

"Here," Hunter muttered, turning on the shower and holding his hand under it as the water warmed. It was a larger one, a walk in with space for two, three if we squashed. And silently, none of us wanted to be separated.

I stripped my clothing off first, discarding the joggers and t-shirt I'd stolen from Hunter on the floor, before pivoting to my sister and lifting her tank top from the waist, encouraging her to raise her arms. Her eyes were wide and expression open, and I watched acceptance tick over, flood through. She pulled her clothes away and stood before me, naked. Hunter already was.

"You two…" he sighed. "Fuck."

We both turned to him. "Whatever you tried to do to us, it worked," I told him, unable to resist touching Alice's lower back, tugging her closer to me. "And I can't wait to show my father that he lost."

Hunter didn't appear surprised at all. If anything, he smirked. Even with his eye bandaged and his body covered in bruises and dirt, that aura around him remained, cockiness, confidence. I don't think he had it in him to be a true submissive. He was being patient, quiet, but still commanding the space. Despite the shame of being defeated, he looked proud, moved with grace even at his size. He was stunning, all muscle and bulk, but graceful, powerful. His thighs and ass muscles rippling under his skin as he stepped under the hot spray, uncaring that the bandage on his face soaked through.

Though I'd never considered a relationship with a man, I'd never considered one with my sister, either. I liked men, watching them, imagining them, even enjoying some gay porn. The power under their skin,

the idea of being dominated and ravaged. He'd given me that. Without a lick of consent, but he had. Hindsight was an interesting thing, and fuck, but I didn't compare him to my father. Looking back on both men and how they abused my bodies, I understood Hunter. I shook my head at how twisted that made me, and felt the urge to give myself a slap and a wake up call. But looking at him… my big brother, my half sibling, there was just no hate.

When I thought about the torture he'd lain on Alice, it made my body shudder, but she was walking up beside him, stroking his naked back and resting her head on his shoulder. She didn't look like she hated him for it. Nor pitied him. There was no tension in the way they gaze at each other, only understanding. I knew Alice. Could always tell when she was pissed or hiding things, and that wasn't happening here.

"Ash?" she called, and when I glanced at her, there was that flicker of apprehension. But it wasn't about Hunter. No, she was worried about me.

I joined them under the spray, almost scalding my skin as the boiling stream hammered against me. It took nothing to press my body to theirs, to feel the heat of the water washing away our sins. I laughed at that thought, that a bit of water could fix us all.

But we soaped each other up, touching everywhere, gentle and tentative, like we were relearning everything. Hunter ran his hands up and down my sudsy cock, cupping and squeezing my balls until my shaft hardened. Alice played with my ass cheeks, kissing my shoulders and laughing when I groaned. Hunter and I together cleaned her, starting at her feet and working our way up to her hair. He kissed me when our hands met amongst the shampoo.

Alice used a wash cloth to clean the injury in Hunter's eye, dabbing the weeping fluid away. She hadn't stabbed the needle right through his eyeball, something I was grateful for now, but it was covered in scratches, red and angry. Maybe he'd regain some vision, maybe he wouldn't. Time would tell. Maybe a doctor.

There were no apologies amongst us, that would need to come with healing. Instead, we kissed and touched each other. Expressed guilt and anguish through the sliding of skin on skin, or the lingering of a gaze.

We toweled each other off and walked over to the bed, the midday sun gleaming through the window. I couldn't wait to get out there, to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the wind on my skin. But I was exhausted, so were

they. We needed to sleep, to reset, to awaken together and face the future coming at us as a trio.

Because I had no desire to stop.

Now that no one was forcing me to fuck Alice, I still wanted to. The time in the shower when I'd slid into her willing body and kissed her senseless, no one had made us do that. And it had been perfect. I was beyond caring. It didn't make me feel sick, didn't make me hate myself, or her, or Hunter. No. I craved both of my siblings, full-blooded and raw. And I knew they wanted me, too.

ALICE WHIMPERED, AND I woke, dragged from a dreamless sleep by her soft cry. As I moved, the body on the other side of her did, too.

"Does she have nightmares often?" Hunter murmured, his brow furrowed as he looked down at her. She was thrashing, rocking side to side, her face contorted in concern as she muttered nonsensical words. "She didn't in the basement."

I shook my head, pushing away the irritation that he'd been watching us sleep down there, that the camera theory was correct. "No, neither of us do. Never really dream, either." I paused, stroked her cheek. "At least we don't remember them."

"Same," Hunter replied, ducking his head so his eyes fell out of the moonlight, shrouding his expression.

As I tried to soothe Alice, I couldn't take my gaze off him. "I can't believe you're our big brother."

"That was always going to be my final reveal, the grand twist at the end of all the torture. I wanted you sick." He paused. "But the way you two reacted to each other threw me off. It wasn't sick at all. You're beautiful."

"You called me your beautiful boy," I remembered, as if a fog was lifting. "Was that all part of the game, too?"

He shrugged. "Maybe at first," he admitted. "I showed your reaction to Dad and hoped it would make him pop a vein in his neck, have a fucking aneurism or some shit. But he just never fucking cared."

"He's sick," I told him. "He won't admit it, but I think he's dying. He had a heart attack a few years ago and never truly recovered. The last time we

visited home he barely moved, had a blanket over his bottom half like he was hiding something. Alice wouldn't talk about it."

"He wasn't as evil to her," Hunter reminded me, running his thumb down our sister's neck, pausing at her carotid but not pressing down, just observing her pulse. She was calming now, both our hands on her, cooling whatever fire was raging in her mind.

"C-Can we…" My words trailed off, my hand stopping to rest at the top of the sheet covering her naked body.

A flash of Hunter's wickedness, his dominating personality, leaked through in the way he smirked. "You want to make our sister come?" he asked. "Think that will settle her?"

"I think it's the least we can do. After all she was put through," I snapped back, slipping my fingers along her skin, past her tits and south, towards her pussy.

Hunter's hand joined mine, and together we found her warmth, wet and inviting, her legs already a little splayed open. It took only a nudge to have her widen, even in her sleepy state.

"I'll never find a way to stop the guilt for what I've done to you two," Hunter admitted, surprising me. He hadn't shown any remorse for his actions. In fact, he almost seemed incapable. "But I'm going to try. I'm going to fucking try."

Two of his fingers plunged into Alice's pussy, brushing past mine. She moaned, her eyelids fluttering.

"Each time I took it further, I hated myself. But I went deeper, hoping it would finally be enough to get a reaction from him." He pumped in and out of Alice's pussy, a sloppy, wet sound filling the quiet air.

I pushed a finger in alongside his, and Alice woke with a gasp.

OceanofPDF.com

23

Alice

SOMETHING PUSHED INTO ME, delicious and stretching, and the rare nightmare I was in the midst of fell away. I woke to the sight of my brothers lying either side of me, propped up on their elbows, looking down my body as they thrust their fingers inside my pussy.

Hunter chuffed a laugh at my gasp, and Asher's gaze shot to mine.

"Keep going," I cried, spreading my legs wider for them. Fuck, having them both working on me, waking up already halfway there, was incredible. Their fingers curled and rubbed deep in my body, making my thighs shake and my neck heat.

Asher and Hunter looked at each other, the fire in their eyes palpable. In my mind, I begged them to kiss, to drive their tongues against each other's and finger me harder.

One of them used their thumb on my clit. It was too dark to see who, and they massaged tight circles over it, making the pleasure rise and zap through me. The surprise and confusion of the moment ebbed, replacing the fear with a bewildered warmth. Fuck, they were good together. My toes curled.

The funniest thing about all of it was my nightmare. I hadn't been imagining the terrible things my big brother had done to me like someone normal might have. No, I'd been dreaming about not rescuing him all those

years ago. For believing my father and leaving Hunter to another seven years of hell when I could have saved him.

But now, with both of them touching me, with Asher lying next to me and pressing firm kisses on my shivering shoulder, it all seemed so damn right. No shame. No pain. I reached for both of them, trying to get them closer, grabbing at their bodies with an unrestrained urgency.

"Please," I begged. "I need more of you both."

"Uh uh," Hunter said, taking the lead over us with ease. "You have to come first, pretty thing. There's nothing like seeing this pussy flutter." Another finger joined, my hole stretching around the digits as I groaned. I think it was four, maybe even more. "Watching you come for something so dirty, so depraved. Watching both of you, it's the best visual there is."

"Please kiss me," I cried, using my legs to encourage him closer. I wanted both of their mouths, to prove this was real, that we were healing each other. Piece by piece, we would rebuild what we'd broken. Either through fault or mere existence.

We had shattered Hunter's life by being born, twisting our father up and driving him towards torture. Hunter had ruined us more recently, through kidnap and torment that he'd learned through his abuse. Told throughout his life it was because of us. That he was worse than us. Worth less.

Each touch now healed.

Hunter rocked into me when I hooked his leg through mine, and his cock humped up against my thigh at the pace of their fingers. We both groaned, and I felt him losing the battle to make me come first.

Asher scrambled to his knees, two of the fingers falling out of me, immediately replaced with more of Hunters. Asher's ass was in the air by my head, and he shoved his face between mine and Hunter's bodies, moaning as he mouthed us both. Hunter shifted further, so he was half on top of me, and his cock rested against my pussy.

Asher sucked and licked and nuzzled, burrowing himself deep between us even though it must have hurt. He was feral for us, for the velvetiness of Hunter's cock, for the taste of my pussy. He was making so many noises of desperate pleasure as his tongue roamed.

When Hunter withdrew his fingers from me and sat up, leaning away, I whimpered. He rubbed his cock through my warm pussy lips, sitting up on his knees to watch. His eyes never strayed from Asher's mouth on my clit,

but he grasped his cock and nudged it against Asher's lips, demanding entry.

"You like how we taste mixed together, yeah?" Hunter asked as he fed his length to Asher, enjoying the other man's groaned, submissive agreement. "Wait 'til you experience all three of us again. All of us as one, sharing."

Asher moaned again, deep and desperate. I took the opportunity to snake my hand up his leg, cupping his balls and squeezing. His moan grew muffled with Hunter's cock deep in his mouth, but still so fucking loud it made my belly ache with urgency. He kept rubbing my clit as he sucked, but I needed more. I needed to be filled.

"Hunter," I cried, desperate for his command. Not pain or torture, but command. He'd guided us through such broken intensity before, I knew he could again. But this time bringing only pleasure.

His eyes met mine with a dark gaze, and I enjoyed seeing him plotting, planning how to bring us all to the greatest end. "Prep our baby brother," he said. "Get his hole nice and sloppy while I fuck you." He pulled his cock free of Asher's mouth and laughed when he tried to chase it. "Straddle your sister's face," Hunter cooed, stroking Asher's split-slick chin.

Asher obeyed, one of his legs going over my body and leaving me with a view only of his ass and balls. My hands moved to the sensitive skin, and I continued to play, ready to work him open, excited to see what Hunter had in store for us. It was like a feast on display.

"Lick her pussy while I enter her," I heard Hunter mutter, and as Asher's tongue flickered over my clit, Hunter filled me with his cock. All three of us made noises of pleasure. For me, the stretch of Hunter's cock as he pushed in with one swift movement sent me skyrocketing. Fuck. It felt so good, so taboo and wonderful as both my brothers worked me over. Who cared anymore?

I spat on Asher's asshole when Hunter reminded me of my duty, and strained up to lick it, enjoying the reactions he made against me. His groans vibrated on my pussy, and each of my muscles squeezed as my orgasm grew stronger beneath the surface of breaking. I wanted to hold off as long as possible, let it build.

Hunter slammed deep inside me, my entire body jolting with each of his thrusts, it was even dirtier because I couldn't see him, could only see Asher's ass as I sucked on it, softened it and pressed a knuckle past the first ring of muscle. The noises we all created were obscene, not just our groans

of pleasure, but the wet sounds our bodies made as they slapped together, working towards a shared bliss.

I worked a second finger into Asher's hole, marveling at how well it could take it. So good I didn't wait for a third, spitting on another finger and pressing it in, too. He was a whimpering mess, shoving his body back against me as he devoured my clit, sucking so deep he drew the whole thing between his teeth. The gentle bite he gave it ruined me.

"I'm coming!" I screamed as the orgasm raced through my veins, making my vision darken and my breathing shudder as I shivered and quaked through it, my mouth staying on his hole, fucking making out with it as I rode through.

"Fuck, she's gushing around me," Hunter remarked. "Come taste." He withdrew his cock and before I could react, a tongue replaced it, plunging in to lick up all my fluid. Asher was so far gone as he muffled praise into my pussy, lapping me up.

"Never could have imagined…" Hunter muttered, watching for a moment before knee-walking up the bed to my head. "You're both so stunning."

I lunged up to kiss him, only managing to plant a light one on his lips because of Asher's body on top of mine. But Hunter smirked and lowered himself, meeting my mouth at Asher's asshole.

"Shall we taste him together?" he asked.

"Please," Asher cried as I nodded and Hunter kissed me, his tongue moving out and against Asher's skin. We made out against him, our tongues swirling and wet and sloppy, probing in turn between the other's mouth and Asher's ass. Together, we pressed in and soaked his skin, readied him for whatever Hunter had planned.

When we couldn't take it anymore, Hunter moved us, shifting our bodies into his preferred position. He laid me on my back, legs open, and pushed Asher between them so we were face to face.

"Fuck your sister, beautiful boy," Hunter told Asher as he settled behind him. "Fill her up, press your cock where mine was. It's where we both belong."

Asher's eyes never left mine as he filled me, pressing his weeping cock into my already fucked hole. It was almost too sensitive, but I welcomed the sensation, anyway. These two men were nothing if not overwhelming.

As Asher began fucking me, moving his hips up and down slowly, laying gentle pecks on my face, I felt him tense. Glancing over his shoulder, I saw

Hunter gazing down, focusing for a moment, before shoving his hips forward. Hunter's face scrunched up with pleasure as Asher gasped.

"Tell me what he's doing to you," I asked Asher, whispering.

"F-fucking me," Asher groaned, his eyes squeezing shut. "Shoving his cock deep inside my ass, my body."

"We're all connected now," Hunter said, resting his hips at Asher's ass as the man above me whimpered. "The three of us. Forever."

OceanofPDF.com

24

Hunter

FILLING ASHER'S ASS WAS perfect. Watching the way the drive of my hips thrust him forward, and deeper into our sister, was even better. I was fucking them both, driving the twins to oblivion with my body, and it made me question everything.

Would they have got to this point without my torture and force? Maybe if I'd just had a fucking conversation with them, learned that Asher had been in the same boat as me, I could have avoided all the distress. All the pain. Might have kept my eye intact, too. It was an adjustment, getting used to vision from a single eye, but I would endure it.

But the pain we'd endured brought us together.

I shoved Asher's body down and kept fucking him, squeezing even more lube over my cock as it moved in and out of his ass. His hole was tight, stretching and pulling whenever I withdrew. It made me think about fisting him, about making Alice do it while Asher blew me. Fuck. I took a deep breath to stave off coming too soon. My mind was consumed with how far I could push these two - I still battled with the urge to cause them pain, to show it to the man who created us all and drag a reaction out of him at last.

My balls squeezed when I rested a finger at Asher's hole, tempted to shove it in along with my cock, and make him cry. I pushed, just a tiny bit, and he sucked in a shocked gasp, his muscles tensing. Ah, it could wait.

I leaned over him, pecking his cheek, before smashing my mouth to Alice's, swallowing up her groan of pleasure. Asher turned and joined up, his tongue pushing in to share a filthy three way kiss as our bodies moved together, sweaty and chasing our peak. Alice cupped both our faces, and that touch was the final straw.

Asher's ass squeezed and fluttered around my cock as he groaned and stuttered through his orgasm, almost clawing up the bed with his hands and feet as I forced him to ride through the sensations, never letting up. I followed him a moment later, pouring myself deep inside him, pulsing and shouting as I slammed and slammed, the sounds of wet skin slapping filling the room.

Asher and I collapsed to the side, so we didn't squash Alice, and remained there, a tangle of limbs and heavy breathing. The sweat on our skin dried, our hearts slowed, and our sighs of pleasure turned into groans of fatigue.

When I built up the courage to pull free from Asher, my soft cock fell from him with a squelch. I leaned down and sucked on his hole, drawing my cum from deep inside him. "Push," I urged, wanting more of it on my tongue. I was going to feed it to them, after all.

Asher's spent asshole pushed out onto my tongue and I sucked on it harder, willing it to show its cherry. Fuck, he was getting fisted at some point soon. I had to. Needed to witness my arm disappear inside him. I wanted that cherried prolapse desperately, red and puffy and used. He groaned when I ran my tongue over his insides before releasing him, rearing up to dribble the cum I'd collected into Alice's open mouth. She was eager for it, poking her tongue out as I let it all fall.

"Hold it," I demanded, and she rolled her tongue a little, playing with the white fluid with a grin on her face. Ah, she was a filthy animal, sinking into her role like she was made for it. I loved them both bending to my will. No resistance, just lust and fucking.

I shoved Asher the rest of the way off our sister and settled between her legs, spending just a moment to stare at her sloppy pussy. Asher's cum spilled from her hole, looking so dirty and delicious. With a groan, I used my tongue to dig for his cum, swirling and shoving inside her body to gather it all in my mouth. The musky, sharp flavor mixed with hers had my eyes rolling back. There was so much of it, like he was a fucking fountain, and I relished every drop.

The twins were kissing at the top of the bed, Asher catching Alice's gasps and murmurs of pleasure as they shared my cum.

Grabbing both their heads and pulling us together felt natural, and kissing them, lips and tongues moving together to share all our tastes together was perfection. We were musky but sweet, heady, a little tart. It was a flavor I was prepared to taste again and again. I would die without it.

There was no going back to any normality now. Not for any of us. I was obsessed with them, could openly admit that. They were mine. We were a fucked up jumble of feelings and urges, and I knew they weren't going anywhere.

What a time to be alive.

THE TABLET SCREEN RESTING on my knees showed one of the many recordings I'd made of our father, scoffing at their peril and ignoring my threats. I showed them everything, letting them watch in silence, on either side of me in my bed, as I introduced them to the man I knew our father to be. Asher knew, of course, at least some of it. But for Alice, it was a big surprise. She'd described him as cold, but not abusive. Asher and I had the opposite. For us, he was a fiery man with a temper and a sadistic streak he took out on us.

Moving on to show them the footage of their torture, so they could see exactly what he'd seen, was harder. It made my cock hard to witness them submit under me again, and I grappled with the lack of shame it brought me.

"This is…" Alice said, as the screen filled with all the things I'd done to them, as we saw them get weaker, dirtier, more desperate, it was all so stark. And Daddy Samuels hadn't given a shit. At first, it had just been the kidnapping, the starvation and deprivation, but that got nothing.

When I'd shown him the twins' first sexual contact, he'd laughed and called them depraved. Just that first kiss, that they'd partook in with such disgust, and he wanted nothing to do with them. Forcing him to sit and observe as Asher fucked Alice's ass, her damaged pussy dripping blood at their feet, and having him still only roll his eyes, was my final straw.

I did everything to them that he'd done to me over my years of torture, and I wasn't finished yet. The needles. He'd driven those through my ball sack on multiple occasions when I'd misbehaved. His response of contempt towards my threats to inflict the same on his precious daughter surprised me. So I did it. I tortured her.

And I watched every moment of it play out on the screen with her nestled into my side.

With every threat I made, he shrugged. Even when I proved I would follow through, he didn't care.

"It's even worse to see like this," Alice whispered, her voice soft. I chanced a glance over at her, scared I'd see hatred or horror, but there was resignation as she met my gaze. "He did this to you?"

"Repeatedly," I admitted.

She nodded, thoughts running around in her head as she turned back to the screen. I'd promised to show them everything. Along with a way out of the house, where I'd kept all their belongings and where we were on a map, they also wanted to witness all this. Wanted the proof of their father's involvement - or lack of.

The first time I got a reaction from him that showed even a modicum of care was when Asher kissed me, loved on me. The quiet moment we shared together where we frotted and came at the same time. That's when the first twitch of our father's eye struck. He noticed the shift, the one we'd both felt, and he didn't like it. As soon as it wasn't only torture, it bothered him.

"I can't look at it anymore," Alice said with pain in her tired voice, after watching him laugh when I described how damaged she was. Again, he told me to pick one. Told me to have her and run her through. Send Asher back and keep Alice. Then he'd forget anything ever happened.

Asher stayed quiet throughout all of it, but his hand was on my thigh, tensing and flexing through the harder moments, stroking when he witnessed us fall for each other. His hard cock jutted against my thigh as the footage I hadn't released to dad played for us.

It was Asher and Alice, in the shower once they'd tied me up, fucking just for themselves. We all saw it for the first time together, and the only emotion I felt was a little jealousy because I wanted to be in there with them, too.

It was a miracle we'd found ourselves here. In just a few short days and some big fucking revelations, they were both working on forgiving me. An

eye for a needle, I suppose.

I turned the tablet off, sending all the text messages, video calls and emails with hours of torture described into darkness.

“I won’t apologize,” I told my younger siblings, knowing it might piss them off. But it was the truth. Everything that occurred led us to this moment, the three of us, a united front. Something I never thought possible. “I hurt you, took you, tortured you. But now I have you. Both of you.” I shifted to pull them into my sides, relishing when both their heads fell onto my chest. Twin black-haired beauties stared up at me. They took more after their mother, a woman who had blame on her shoulders too, but I didn’t see her in them. I only saw them. Mine forever.

“We need to end this,” Alice told us. “End this, then heal. Move forward. I don’t know how we can, but we have to. I… what you did… I don’t know how to forgive it. To move past it. Not sure I should.”

“You shouldn’t,” I interrupted. “And when our dad is ruined, we can discuss what’s necessary. I don’t want to lose either of you.”

It hurt, opening up. There was a brief moment in my life when I was a young boy, when I had my dad’s love, had his attention and his warmth. Giving it to someone else now felt dangerous, but I knew I had to. I wanted to.

I still had the desire to hurt them, to inflict on them what had been inflicted on me. And I would. They were little puppets for me. But they would want it, too.

Not once did our father take the bait I’d laid to get him to apologize to me, to give me money and freedom. I wanted revenge, revenge he wouldn’t let me have.

So it was time to take the bait to him.

OceanofPDF.com

25

Asher

HUNTER WAS READY AND raging to storm the mansion, to kill both occupants in a haze of torture and fire. But Alice and I were more reserved, Alice less so. We were all still healing, both our minds and our bodies broken and bruised. And living in this bubble, this warm place where we were able to push away every horror and outside influence, would be more difficult than any of us could bear.

Things were fragile.

The idea of having to hide our relationship made a ball of lead sit in my stomach. But of course, we'd have to. So remaining in Hunter's secure cabin, where we were free to touch and kiss and fuck, was the clear, easier option. I didn't want to hold myself back with either of them, not when I'd just got them.

Still, Hunter threw us into long planning sessions, plotting how we would do it, dreaming up outlandish schemes and researching the worst torture methods imaginable. Hunter also told us that Dad was watching live when Alice overcame him. He didn't know when Dad stopped watching, what he saw, if he even got as far as Alice's attack. But Dad wouldn't have seen our newfound dynamic, and we could use that to our advantage.

In one of his more manic moments, late into a rainy evening, Hunter sucked in a breath and looked up.

“We should kill one of you,” he said, eyes darting between us. Alice and I were on the sofa by the window, overlooking the woodland as it sloped down into the distance. The cabin was high up, with long views that made it seem like we weren’t trapped in here at all — sunlight shone in, giving the secluded building a warm glow. Hunter sat opposite us, emailing back and forth with Dad, getting more riled up with each minute. Two days had passed since everything came to light, two days of gentle touching, tender fucking and loving on each other. Though much remained unfinished between us, none of us were willing to disturb this new normal we’d found ourselves in. Not yet.

We had to deal with all the horrors that had gone down, and Hunter promised to, but only once he finished what he started with Dad. He had many shady resources from his time living on the streets, working hard to build up a nest egg and some dangerous allies who had skills we didn’t - weaponry, tech, falsifying documents. He’d thought of it all, spent the last few years of his life to reach this moment. Hunter needed this to be personal, and I agreed. There might be easy options, but none of us wanted that. We all needed to see the final moments with him alive in the world.

“Fake it, I mean,” Hunter clarified when Alice and I shared a confused glance.

Alice leaned forward, sliding her feet from my lap to mimic Hunter’s hunched position. “Fuck it, kill us both. Then he knows he’s not getting one back like he so wishes — that he lost all his children because of his abuse.” It had her excited, buzzing with it. Her eyes widened, her breathing picked up. “Make it look really fucking bloody, too.”

Hunter’s gaze lit up, flashing like we’d seen before when we were under his thumb, and I knew I was in for a long few hours with these two. I had a feeling they would always be the bane of my fucking existence. But right now, I wanted nothing else.

THE FIRST TIME WE tried to appear dead, neither Alice nor I had been convincing enough, so now we were waiting for the sedatives to kick in to make us floppy and slow our breathing - we both kept blinking, fidgeting, and Dad was too discerning not to notice. Alice painted our faces with soot

to gray our skin and lips. We'd messed with the lighting in the basement and used the old blood stains to finish the effect. Along with red paint and well-placed ketchup, it looked like it might do the job. Fingers crossed convincing enough on camera that the last of Dad's hope shattered. Not hope that Alice and I were okay, no, it was that hope for his legacy, his reputation. How would be explain the deaths of both his children? He must have already spun quite the tale to explain our sudden disappearance.

As Alice grew floppier, the sedative taking effect on her faster than me, I found myself worried, a bit scared. Her eyes went blank as seconds drifted by and her body slumped over, caught by Hunter, who was studying us both closely. He'd measured out the safe amount of sedative for us both, so I'd taken a little more, but I'm sure he under-guessed, unwilling to harm us now. An interesting switch-up.

"You good?" Hunter asked me as he positioned Alice on the floor, pushing her limbs to their unnatural limits to make her appear as freaky and corpse-like as possible. I nodded, taking in all he was doing to our sister. I remained upright for the moment, my eyes still able to focus, so I watched them. Alice was drooling, almost unconscious, her blinking slowing, cumbersome.

Hunter looked grim as he yanked her clothes from her body and spread her legs so her ass was up and her pussy was on display — so Dad would be forced to confront the still-healing wounds. The plan was as close to reality as possible, he'd overdosed us both. We didn't have the equipment to make fake injuries, so the man would have to see the drug-addled corpses of his children rather than tortured to death. I hoped it was enough to ruin him on a bone-deep level.

"It'll be okay," Hunter promised Alice with a whisper to her ear, kissing her cheek and nuzzling his nose into her for a moment. Despite all he'd done, he seemed reluctant to do this now. "After this, I'll run you a hot fucking bath, with bubbles and salts, and feed you chocolate covered strawberries." It surprised me to see any kind of sentiment from him, and I hoped Alice was still awake enough to hear it. He had softness in him, it was just that no one had ever been there to capture it, to nurture it. Alice could do that for him.

Hunter caught my eye and winked, unashamed at what I'd witnessed. Good. "It's your turn," he said, striding over to where I sat resting against the wall. My body didn't work as I wanted it to as he positioned me beside

her, turning my head so I could see her slack face. Her eyes were open and glazed, drool pooled from her mouth. She was unconscious for sure. Good for her.

Hunter kissed me on the mouth, licking my bottom lip and sighing, before crossing the room to get his phone. I listened to his steadying breaths as he braced himself. Despite our planning, the result was unpredictable. Dad's reaction might go either way - he could believe Hunter and not care, or he could be devastated and angry. The worst would be him not believing it at all. All this for nothing.

Hearing the video call ring through made me jolt. Or it didn't. My reflexes were fucking slow. I tried to will my fingers to twitch, but they refused me.

"Hello, Father," Hunter said, and my blood ran cold at the sound of his voice. It was like before, so stony and vicious. All a show. It made images of the first time we'd seen him roll across my vision. That mask he'd given up so fast, the bitterness in his tone and the merciless way he'd abused us.

But hearing Dad's voice, the man who cared so little for us, the man who'd touched me and forced me to touch him, that was infinitely worse. "Hunter," was all he said, exasperated, over it already. "Your eye is injured. Did my preferred children manage to get one up on your pathetic self?" Sickening. It sounded like he was outside, maybe at a party or somewhere public, a park maybe. Someone must have taken him for a stroll in his wheelchair. He could move around a little at home, but he hated that his legs didn't work right anymore and outside, he had to admit defeat. Something he despised doing and avoided as much as possible.

"You might want to sit down for this," Hunter goaded the man, ignoring Dad's comment, and I heard him walk closer to me, tension increasing in the room. "I got bored with waiting around for you to come to your senses."

"For fuck's sake, boy, get over yourself. You need to fucking learn your lesson that I don't care about you. I don't want you," Dad spat his vitriol, though from the shift in the background air, he'd moved inside for privacy - must be at home, then, the only place he was comfortable maneuvering by himself. "Give me one back and fuck off into the shit hole you came from."

"That won't be doable anymore," Hunter said, and for a long while, there was no response. I think he must have shown Dad our bodies. The only sound was Hunter's slow, measured steps circling us. His boots strode by my head and I kept my eyes open and distant, staring right at Alice, slowing

my breathing to the shallowest possible. She looked dead, her entire body slack and gray from the lighting above.

Hunter moved the camera into her face and prodded her cheek, getting no reaction.

“I killed them both,” he said, mocking. “Oops.”

Dad’s breath shuddered, and Hunter took a moment to show me the phone screen as the camera was facing front ways towards our sister. Alice looked like a fucking corpse, so much so I wanted to reach out and touch her. Confirm she was still warm. Dad’s face was on the screen too, smaller than Alice’s, in a little window, he seemed sicker than before, tired. Pissed.

Finally, Dad spoke, and though his words were cold, the tone of his voice filled with fear. “I don’t believe you,” he said. “They might just be drugged. You wouldn’t kill your only piece of leverage.”

Hunter stood and marched away, presumedly turning the camera back on himself. Still, I stayed in position. Listening. Waiting. Would it be enough?

“I never wanted anything other than to make you feel as shit as you made me, Father dearest,” he said. “And to think, all the horrible things I’ve forced on your dear twins and none of it worked. I’ve fucked them, tortured them, made them fuck each other, and you didn’t care. I could release all the footage on the internet, cut it special, so it looks like they fucking wanted it. That would ruin things, wouldn’t it? Poor, mourning father garnering sympathy, only for the world to find out they were incestuous, dirty fuckers. And you made no attempt to save them.”

Hunter continued to rant at him, his voice breaking and angry as Dad waited it out. At last, when Hunter couldn’t get any more words out, but his anger was pouring from him, Dad responded.

“You don’t do that, and I’ll tell you who your mother is,” he said, voice cold and distant, gloating, like he thought he had a trump card. And the atmosphere shifted. Hunter staggered back, and I fought not to jump up and run to him. His rage was a desperate thing, a scary thing. And minutes passed where I was unable to see his expression but could feel it. The air was thick with it. Hot, even. My body tingled with numbness, the sedative pushing me a little closer to the brink, but Alice didn’t flinch even once.

Hunter spoke in a low, terrifying voice to the screen, and I feared we’d lost him to his madness. To the thing that made him take us and commit all those atrocities upon our bodies. “If you look away from what I’m about to do, I’m going to come to the house and *destroy* you, Father. If you turn

away, even fucking blink, then it’s all over for you, your family, your company.”

“Hunter—” Dad said, but Hunter must have shot him a glare as he walked back over, because he halted whatever he was about to say.

Hunter positioned the phone, so the camera was on the three of us, using the old mattress as a stand. Then he stripped his clothes away, the sound of fabric falling to the floor making me want to whimper. What was he about to do? I hated how little control I had here. Things had twisted. This wasn’t the plan. Alice wasn’t here to pull him back.

He settled behind her and yanked her body to his with rough claws on her thighs. “Watch me fuck their dead bodies, daddio,” Hunter said, and my heart lurched. “What’s the worst thing you can do to a dead body?” His breathing hitched as he pushed himself inside Alice. The slapping of skin filling the air as he drove into her. “I could chop them up and send them to you. Bake them into a fucking pie and force you to eat them.”

“You depraved, desperate little monster!” Dad screamed down the phone, and I heard other voices coming through, panicked and confused. It might have been Mom checking in on him, but he shouted something and a door slammed.

“You think they aren’t dead!?” Hunter bellowed, his thrusts into Alice like a demon. Still, she didn’t react. Her eyes watched me, empty and vacant, as he shoved her back onto himself, using her as a cock sleeve.

Dad continued to yell and threaten Hunter as he was forced to watch his children fucking. Watch what he thought was his oldest son raping his dead daughter. My mind was a haze, and I wasn’t sure if that’s what I was witnessing too. It hurt. The fog from the drug, the confusion, the fear she might actually be dead.

Hunter leaned over her body and lifted her head up by her hair. Her grayish face hung slack for the camera. “Fucking a corpse isn’t the thrill you’d think,” he growled. “She’s too cold.”

Dad shouted more profanities when Hunter dropped Alice’s head, laughing when it thunked to the floor. Her nose began to bleed, which made me panic. Dead bodies don’t bleed.

But Hunter was ahead of me, withdrawing from her and climbing over her to grab his phone, holding it close to his face as he moved behind me.

“You can watch me slide into your darling son now, something you never got to do,” Hunter goaded, settling between my open legs. It took

everything in me not to twitch as he probed my hole with his wet finger. “You were priming him, weren’t you? He told me, you know.”

“You fucking bastard, I’m going to rip you to pieces!”

Hunter laughed. “And how will you manage that in your wheelchair?” he pushed. “They shared that with me too! That you’re on death’s fucking door. Getting a bit of fresh air, old man? Enjoying a push through the garden before you start your time in the pits of hell?”

My world turned dark as he forced his hard cock inside my ass, the only lube coming from Alice’s pussy. It burned, ached, made me want to claw at the floor and scream, but the sedatives fogged everything over. My mind faded away. The room fell into a new dimension, and all that existed was the sound of Hunter’s hips smacking against my ass cheeks, the pain in my heart that he’d disregarded us with such ease when his anger took over.

I was incapable of hearing what he was saying to our father, incapable of hearing the sound coming from the phone’s speakers. But I hurt. Fear raced through my veins and my mind, trying to make sense of the sensations and sounds.

After what seemed like hours, but could have just been a minute, Hunter grunted and fell out of rhythm above me. “He was a little warmer,” he told Dad. “Only just died before I called. Took longer for the drugs to stop his heart.”

“I’m going to end your life, disgusting boy,” Dad’s voice came through, though it was thinner now, like Hunter might have actually gotten to him. At fucking last.

But what was the cost?

Hunter had taken it further than agreed. Taken from us. Again.

“Good luck trying,” Hunter said. Then I heard the beep of the call hanging up.

Not a moment passed before Hunter was at our heads, rolling us over, tears streaming down his cheeks. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered, stroking my cheek, tugging Alice’s body onto the mattress, soothing the red marks and bruises forming on our bodies. “I’m so sorry.”

OceanofPDF.com

26

Alice

HATE AND NEED WERE a strange thing. Especially when twisted up together.

Our father thought we'd died, so there was no more pressure. Nothing on the outside to manipulate us anymore. Hunter wasn't sending any more videos. He wasn't goading and teasing the man to try to get a reaction. He was doing nothing. Since he lost it on us again in the basement, shoving his way into both our bodies without consent, something in him had changed. When I'd woken in pain, unaware of what happened while I was drugged, it was to confusion. Neither man was forthcoming until I demanded answers.

I'd been furious at him when I learned what happened, what he'd done, but that fury didn't linger for long. Though it sickened me, I understood why he did it, and I would have consented had I been conscious. It didn't make it right, but nothing about this was right, anyway. I don't know what that said for my own self-respect, but I didn't have it in me to care that he'd fucked me without permission after all that had already happened between us. It was another trauma for the list. His ownership over my body was no longer a question.

Asher told me Hunter was distraught almost the second the call ended, and he cried, holding our prone bodies to his chest with whimpering apologies and promises to make it right. He carried us both to his bed,

tucked us under his covers and disappeared, leaving us surrounded by his scent, his aura, but not him. I was a little resentful to have not seen Hunter weak like that, pleading and sad, but Asher assured me it wasn't something worth seeing.

When the drugs were out of our system, my twin and I climbed from the bed, washed and dressed, checked over bodies - sore nose, ass and vagina, then went to find our older brother, worried for him. He didn't know I forgave him, that it was okay. We had to get through this in whatever fashion we could, and the healing could come after.

We found him in the basement, staring at the stained spot in the center of the room, his knees hugged to his chest and a forlorn expression on his face. He looked lost in thought, and even as we approached, he reacted only a little, twitching at the sound of our voices, but not looking up.

So we left him there for the rest of the night, unsure how to process the emotions ourselves. Asher and I spoke about how fucked up we were, and about how much we missed him being at our side. It was strange in the bed without him, without the third part of our messed up trio. So as the clock ticked to almost 4am, with neither of us asleep, we decided to force it. Grab him with as much care as he gives us and yank him from his funk, force him out of the basement. He needed to apologize again. To explain himself. We needed to tell him it was okay.

We had too much shit to deal with to let him wallow. There was no time for selfish despair. Not yet.

The basement stairs were shadowy as we traveled down them, Asher a few steps in front of me. The door was open at the bottom, and no light came through there to help us along. Hunter was either asleep, or still sitting in the dark, feeling sorry for himself.

But there was movement in the air down there, something that raised my hackles, had my instincts firing off wildly. Something was wrong. I don't know why, but my body was sending me warning signals, a sense of dread. I grabbed Asher's hand.

With my heart in my throat, Asher gave my palm a squeeze and let go, stepping into the basement while I flicked the light switch on this side of the door.

There was a beat. A suck in of air.

"Shit!" Asher roared, fraught, racing into the room without me. "Hunter!"

For a second, I locked up, scared of what I'd see, terrified of what new horror I was about to witness. But when Asher bellowed for me, his voice harrowing, I moved, making it into the basement only a few seconds behind him.

And what I found made my heart fucking stop.

Hunter had hung himself.

His body swung from the beam he'd tied me to in our darkest moments.

His face was red and purple.

Straining. Bulging eyes. Even the injured one had pressure building behind it as he scrambled.

It wasn't too late.

"Hunter!" I cried, flying into action and grabbing the chair he must have used to get higher, now knocked out from under him. I climbed it, shoving a frozen Asher out of the way to reach for Hunter's neck. My fingers struggled to dig into the rope around his neck so he could suck in a breath, but it was too fucking tight. His eye strained, blood filling the healthy one, as he watched me fight to save him, his eyes so full of fucking life it wasn't fair. "Please don't," I begged him. We weren't through. "This isn't done, Hunter. I need you. Please help me." My voice was a low, desperate husk as I forced a finger between his neck and the rope, the threads burning me as I grew more and more frantic, ignoring the pain.

He couldn't die. Not now. Not when we were so close.

Asher wrapped his arms around Hunter's legs and lifted him, allowing enough slack for me to make the noose bigger, loosening it. I worked fast, my gaze darting back to Hunter's every half-second to ensure he was still watching me. His eyes told a story I didn't want to hear.

It felt like too long. Way too long. But when I yanked the rope over his head and he slumped onto me, his breath was like a song against my cheek. We tumbled backward, Asher catching our legs and lowering us in a mess to the floor.

I didn't want Hunter to die. Despite all of it, I wanted him here with us. He couldn't go before we'd healed.

Asher helped me settle him onto the nearest mattress, and my heart was in my throat when Hunter reached for us, his limbs heavy as I batted him away. He looked forlorn for a moment, trying to gulp and open his mouth to speak, but I shook my head.

“Just breathe,” I told him. “Slow and steady.” I settled behind him and pulled his head onto my lap. “Asher, please get some water and some painkillers… and a phone or tablet or whatever the fuck, I need to google what to do.”

Asher nodded, and after pausing at the door to watch us for a moment, like he was confirming we were both okay, he sloped off. I hadn’t used my phone since we got them back. I had no desire to see what, if anything, was being reported about us. If my friends had contacted us. But this was important.

Looking down, I found Hunter’s gaze burning up at me. His eye strained bright red, veins burst all through the white, matching the one I’d stabbed. His neck was raw with rope burn, and there were seeping slices on his forearms, like he’d hacked away at himself before trying to take his own life. All the things he’d done to us… had it caught up with him at last? The shame? The grief? No. That was unacceptable.

“You aren’t allowed to die until you’ve repented, Hunter,” I told him, stroking his cheek. “You can’t go until I say you can.”

He gulped and managed a nod, his eyes telling me so much. I thanked whichever god floated around out there that he was still breathing, that we hadn’t been too late. For all he’d done to us, it was a miracle I felt grateful for his life, but I did.

We had plans.

Hunter started to talk when Asher hurried back into the room, a bag over his shoulder, a glass of water and Hunter’s phone in his tight grasp. Water sloshed over the rim of the glass as his hands shook. “It says to perform CPR, but he’s breathing…” Asher gasped, his eyes darting around in panic.

“Hand it over,” I asked, motioning for the device before he had a meltdown. “Help me give him some sips of water and I’ll find some proper advice.”

TURNS OUT, THERE ISN’T much to be done after saving someone from hanging. Either they’re dead or they aren’t. Hunter was still breathing, hadn’t lost consciousness, so it was a case of waiting out the ligature marks and the internal bruising. He would heal with rest and patience. He could

breathe, make small noises, so there were no crushing injuries either. Just time needed.

“I’m sorry,” Hunter grunted out two days later, when we’d all piled into his bed, eating the last of the ice cream and watching a movie. The ice cream gave me flashbacks of how it felt being shoved inside me, but I moved past it. Fuck giving up ice cream. This was rocky road, too, and based on the stains on the floor, the one Hunter’d used as lube was vanilla based. But maybe one day in the distant future I would shove an entire pint of rocky road up Hunter’s hole, or something with lots of chunks and shards of chocolate.

Asher paused the movie, and we both turned to our big brother, surprised to hear his voice. It was husky, but clear.

“You don’t need to apologize for that,” I muttered, my eyebrows drawn together. “You—”

Hunter shook his head and forced himself to sit up higher, pushing away our attempts to help. “I’m not apologizing for trying to… kill myself.” He winced. “I’m apologizing for taking your trust again. For what happened.”

Asher met my gaze, frowning. I had fallen completely unconscious during the call with Dad, but woke up swollen and sore between my legs. Asher told me what Hunter had done, and in one of the most horrifying moments of my life to date, I found I didn’t care. Him simply *fucking* me was the least of it. I spiraled then, worried about what the lack of concern for my body meant for my mind, but it was another thing to add to that list.

The long fucking list of things to heal and fix.

Asher had been angrier, but then he’d seen it, heard the words spat between father and son over us.

“Hunter, there is too much on that list already for you to think something like that would destroy this,” I told him, admitting those dark feelings aloud. How twisted was I? But if it ruined our dad, I was all for it. “Please, don’t do that again,” I said, referring to the suicide attempt.

“I won’t,” he admitted. “As soon as it was too late, I regretted it. I need to see that bastard have his brutal ending.” He took a long, deep breath. “The reaction I had when the two of you walked in just a second after I pushed the chair from under me told me all I needed to know.”

“We all want to see his end,” Asher interjected. “And it won’t be possible if it’s not the three of us.”

Hunter smiled then, like he was imagining what could be ahead. We were halfway to planning it, had so much up our sleeves for what we might do to Dad, how we would reveal ourselves, how we would torture and kill him. It was all to come, and Hunter needed to be here for it.

“His life needs to end at the hands of all three of us,” I said, stroking Hunter’s stomach as I curled up into him, leaving the ice cream to melt on the bedside table. “So you tell me what you need to get past this, and we can put it aside until we have time to heal without him in the world.”

“We’re all broken, Hunter,” Asher continued my thought. “What you did to us shattered the last of what we had left, but we’re in pieces already.” Asher’s hand met mine on Hunter’s abdomen, and together we rubbed his skin, his stomach, and his chest. Hunter hummed and his eyes fluttered shut.

I was scared all my hatred for him would come rushing back once we’d completed our mission to kill Dad, to end his hold over us. But for now, these two men remained the most important thing to me. I needed them both like I needed air. Everything else could wait.

Asher and I slid our hands down to Hunter’s cock, grinning at each other when we found it hard and waiting, a bead of pre-cum at the tip.

Yeah. We were fucked up. Something inside all of us was broken. But we were broken together. And that’s all that mattered.

OceanofPDF.com

27

Alice

TWO WEEKS LATER, MY heart was in my stomach as I strolled up the driveway to the family home. The place I'd grown up, happy memories fogging with questioning it all.

We had the car parked just down the street, ready for our escape later. The men walked around the back of the house, each doing their own thing before meeting in our planned spot. The garden was large, with different sections making it easy to hide as we slipped in.

I let out a slow breath. The bag on my shoulder was heavy, digging into my flesh, and I couldn't wait to put it down. The contents were something I was far from comfortable having so close, but Hunter assured me the man he'd hired was very reliable. He told me he wouldn't send me off with something unsafe, and I believed him. How funny, how fast opinions could change. Before all this, right at the beginning, I would have considered *him* the most unsafe thing of all. Now he was a net for me to fall onto. Him and Asher.

Two weeks of talking, sharing memories and emotions, touching each other again, starting tentative, and working up to what we all wanted. No limits. No boundaries.

It was late, so the house was dark and silent as I stepped over the threshold. The code on the front door was the same as the last time I was

here, not surprising me at all. Dad was cocky. He thought his biggest threat was gone now. We were dead and Hunter had fallen quiet. No more leverage, vengeance exacted.

Mom and Dad would be in their separate bedrooms this late at night, and all the staff had left for their own homes a while ago. We double-checked the outside cameras Hunter installed almost a year ago to make sure. Didn't want innocent collateral damage here. Our consciences weighed heavy enough already. Dad never did like having anyone hanging around overnight, something I now knew was because of his illicit and illegal activities. In those early days, when Hunter was in the basement, and then later, when he was sneaking into Asher's room to abuse him.

Couldn't have witnesses. No, no.

Mom was too drugged out to notice or care, and I was oblivious. Kept sheltered.

They hadn't had a funeral for us. In fact, our deaths or disappearances were nowhere on any news site. Like they covered it up. I wondered what they told our friends? The rest of our family? Our school, even. It had been well over a month since Hunter had taken us, and radio silence. I suspected money, bribery had come into it. I'd thought a lot about my friendships, my connections, over the last few weeks, and though it made me sad to see them go, they felt vapid now. Empty. They would never accept Asher and me, let alone a new, older brother. And the idea of being close to them but not sharing our love, was painful.

The air in the hallways was still as I stalked through them, wondering where my brothers were. This was a big house, obnoxious with its size and opulence, with a ton of fancy features and rooms that I never went into. I placed my bag down at the bottom of the stairs, as planned, and climbed them. Hunter was going to our mother's room first. Neither Asher nor I having the stomach to end her life, but understanding the necessity of it. He told us he'd make it quick. Despite everything, I didn't want her ending to be brutal.

Asher and I planted the bombs. Then we were meeting where we knew the monster would be. I walked past my bedroom, Asher's bedroom, the many spare rooms, feeling nothing, until I reached his wing. His room.

Dad wasn't alone when I pushed the creaking door open and stepped inside. His two sons stood above him, looming like grim reapers come to claim his soul, or hellhounds ready to drag him to the pits below. I hoped

Satan raped him every day down there, tore him apart from within for everything he'd ever done to the people he was supposed to love the most. For now, he was asleep, with no idea what was coming for him. The fucker looked peaceful.

"All good?" Hunter asked on a murmur, and I nodded. His voice was still a little thin, but he was almost all healed. We'd all done a lot of healing over the last two weeks, dealing with our actions and the consequences of them. Hunter was an eye for an eye man, unsurprisingly, and insisted we hurt him. Asher fucked him raw while I squeezed his balls with my fist, and afterwards we'd all cried and hugged. In the weirdest of ways, it helped.

Since then, things had been getting better at a slow pace. And tonight, it was the final cog, the last item on the list, before we had nothing left but that horrifying healing looming in front of us. What would we need to do to each other to find peace?

"How long have we got?" Asher asked, looking at his watch.

Hunter glanced at his phone. "One hour and thirty-four minutes."

"Better wake the man up, then," I said, cricking my neck and climbing onto the bed so I was straddling the sickly looking asshole. "Ninety four minutes to make him endure a lifetime's worth of pain."

Hunter and Asher both nodded, and we shared a moment of calm, a quiet second before the storm we were about to rage. I slapped Dad across the face, and he woke with a gasping scream.

Hunter covered his mouth, and grinned down, wicked and feral, as our father realized who was above him. I pulled a knife from my pocket and got to work.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WE were all coated in blood.

We'd made short work of slicing off each of the monster's fingers and toes, and they sat in a disgusting little pile on his bedside table. We had further plans for them. Each of us relished his pain and anguish, and he was too weak to fight back, only take it. The boys told me he would drug them. Hunter said it started happening when he got big enough to defend himself, so this denial of a chance for him to escape was satisfying as fuck. Three on

one felt like a fair fight when the monster used to use all his power on fucking teenagers.

“You… damned…” he tried to curse at us, but Hunter punched him across the face with a loud thwack, sending a few teeth flying.

“Ah, more for the pile,” Hunter teased, plucking the teeth up and putting them in the finger and toe mountain. It was fast growing more grotesque - especially when we forced Dad to look at it and he vomited.

Asher wasn’t involved in the torture itself, but watched from the sidelines with a grim expression on his face. Hunter and I reveled in it. I worried we were scaring our younger brother, making him wish he wasn’t with us, but when I looked at him, that grim expression shifted to love. Acceptance.

My heart pounded with excitement and adrenaline as I sliced Dad’s ears off, plopping them in the pile before carving into his face, digging the knife into the bone as I dug slivers of skin from him. He cried, groaned, attempted to fight, and tried to faint. I slapped him back awake each time.

His groaning was incoherent, making me laugh. I wondered if the darkness Hunter had found in me would have appeared sooner if Dad had a thing for his daughter, too? Because we shared it. Bathed in it.

“You’re a monster,” I told the weak man beneath me. “Now you look like one, too. What do you think your investors will do when they see this face?” I grabbed his cheeks and squeezed, my eyes alight as blood oozed from his many, many wounds. “Your sniveling lackeys?”

He attempted to speak, and I sliced off his tongue, slapping it into the mound of his flesh with glee. But when I tried to cut off his nose, I wasn’t strong enough, my knife snagging on bone or cartilage or whatever the fuck.

“Hunter, help,” I asked, sliding off the bed and straightening up. Hunter had been watching, his cock hard and his eyelids hooded as I took over the torture. But it was his turn again, having paused after the digit removal to enjoy my show.

Asher came up behind me, holding me tight, his chin on my shoulder, as our big brother ripped the nose from our father’s face. My stomach roiled a little as Hunter used a spoon to pry out the asshole’s eyes next, and I couldn’t look at them as they joined the gore. Hunter’s face splattered with blood, and his expression remained focused, raving mad, his eyes wide and electric. I found it impossible to look away as he worked. He was so fucking sexy.

I was twisted, lost to the madness, because my belly tightened at the sight of him torturing the man we hated, and the feel of Asher, warm at my back.

“Time for the big guns…” Hunter cooed at Dad as he ran his blade up the old man’s leg, stopping just short of his disgusting groin. I wanted to tear my gaze away, but didn’t, despite the bile in my throat.

Dad cried and screamed and chucked up the last of tonight’s dinner when Hunter sliced the knife through his dick, yanking the little thing up with a vicious pull before cutting clean through it.

“You know where this is going?” Hunter asked, waving the appendage around like Dad could see it with his eyeless sockets. He slapped it across Dad’s cheek instead, laughing when he cried and whimpered. “Up your ass.”

I raced to the bed to help my brother turn him over and position the monster on his stomach with his legs spread. He moved like he was a doll or puppet, devoid of life or fight. “Asher, will you record this?” Hunter asked. “Just get in close so our faces aren’t visible. We’re dead, after all.” He laughed. “Well, you’re dead. I never existed in the first place.”

A sight I never wanted to see was my dad’s asshole, stretched wide and waiting. It was unclean, clenched and so foul that my eyes refused the image. But Asher was right there with the camera while Hunter did the dirty work.

The sliced off, limp dick was a challenge to force inside his ass. It was so squishy and fucking slippery that Hunter kept swearing and almost dropping it. “Gonna need to stab a bigger hole, I think.” He positioned the knife’s tip and pushed. “Or make some natural lube.”

And he did. My heart continued to beat as normal as he stabbed the knife into Dad’s asshole, slicking it with blood and widening it. The old man must have passed out, maybe even had a heart attack, but we carried on.

His dick shoved inside, and one by one, every finger, every toe, both ears, eyes and even his nose followed. Shoved and pushed and forced into his ass by his eldest son. His biggest disappointment. It was the least we could do for the suffering he’d inflicted on his boys. On all the other people we would never know.

Finally, we turned him back over. At this point, it felt utilitarian for us. No emotion. Just a job to get done.

“We only have twenty minutes,” Asher whispered, covering the phone microphone. We had to be out of here by then.

Hunter held up one finger with a grim expression. One thing left to do.

Asher and I watched him cut Dad's balls off and force them into his sliced up mouth. Dad groaned and cried, gagging. Ah, still awake. *Good.* He needed to know how much he'd lost. How far he'd fallen.

"Kiss me," I said, turning to Asher. He stopped the recording and tilted his head in surprise. "Kiss me," I repeated. "Let's show him all he's achieved." I looked at Hunter. "Come here too."

Hunter grinned and came around the bed, cleaning his hands with antiseptic wipes, before yanking the two of us into him. "You want Daddy to hear how much his children love each other?" he asked.

"Mm, yes," I moaned. "Can't wait for you to fuck me again, big brother," I said, just for our dad's ears. They kissed me then, both of them, our tongues twirling and massaging as we all groaned and moaned together. We wanted him to hear every moment of it.

And he did. He cried and shouted incoherent threats to us as we made out by his bed. How the fucker hadn't fallen unconscious, I'd never know. After all we'd put him through, he was still clinging on? Stubborn douche.

"Let's give him a little reminder of what he's created before he goes," Hunter said into our mouths. These two men were my world. I didn't care how wrong or illegal it was, I wanted only them.

And showing our dad, our creator, what he'd made, was the icing on the cake. As his sobbing grew desperate, the pain making him delirious, I turned to him, still in both my brother's arms.

"You lost," I said, turning to stare down at the man. "You could have saved us, but you didn't. So he took us. Both of us. We're his. He's ours. You lost."

"And we're going to take all of your money, you sick fuck," Asher added, moving behind me and grabbing my tits, massaging them. "We're going to tank your companies and go buy an island to fuck on. Everywhere. All three of us."

Hunter and I grinned at Asher's words, thrilled he'd involved himself at last, he was lying, of course, we had no way of doing that beyond the money Asher had stolen from the safe downstairs when he came in, and the handful of trinkets Hunter and I had shoved into our pockets. I was worried Asher would think us monsters, but he was just happy for us to do the actions. He enjoyed watching.

“Your sexual abuse fucked us up, but not how you wanted,” Asher continued. “It turned us into devils, but only for each other. You’re going to die here knowing you messed your children up so bad they can’t be apart. That they fuck each other and love each other. That the three of them have touched each other everywhere.” Hunter laughed at Asher’s words, still working away. “You saw it all, didn’t you?”

“Did you get off to it, you sick fucker?” I asked, prodding him in the stomach. He gasped and wheezed, terror making his eyeless sockets scrunch up. Urine leaked from his dickless crotch and his scream was like nothing I’d ever heard. Bone-achingly wrought.

“You made me piss myself once,” Asher said, his voice cold as he watched his dad suffer. “You made me lick it up. Did you do that to Hunter, too? Is that why he forced that on us?”

We both knew he had, Hunter had told us. He explained each of his tortures, each of his methods, how he was repeating what happened to him, taking things further and further. The double anal penetration they’d subjected me to had been done to him with a dildo, joining my father in raping him while he was tied to the bed. For a moment, my heart bottomed into my stomach, but I blinked it away.

We would heal.

I kissed Asher and Hunter hard on the mouths as the first bomb rocked the foundations of the building. My smaller one at the bottom of the stairs, on the other side of the house.

“We have to leave now,” Hunter said against my mouth. “The next ones will go off any minute.”

We were leveling the building, claiming our ignorance when all the dirty dealings of our creator would leak to the press. We’d be long gone by then, though. Asher wanted to release the footage of us dead, along with Dad’s reactions, as the final nail of his reputation’s coffin. Hunter and I agreed, but only when we were settled and hidden far away.

New names and identities, a fresh start. The worst part would be giving us all different surnames. No relation. That way, we could live in the open, hoping no one questioned how similar we all looked. I could dye my fucking hair if it meant peace.

The three of us stood together, holding hands, watching as our dad writhed in pain on the bed.

“One minute,” Asher warned. Hunter strode forward and cut Dad’s throat, and as the last of his blood spurted from his neck, we walked away.

OceanofPDF.com

28

Hunter

WE WATCHED FROM THE top of a hill as the orange flames grew and consumed the mansion. Emergency services raced there when it was already too late to save anything. That's the problem with acres of land and property. If there's a fire and everyone inside the building is already dead, there's no one to raise the alarm.

I killed their mother fast, not even waking her before slicing my knife across her throat. She wore an eye mask, her hair up in a wrap thing, and the duvet pulled to her chin. It had been white when I walked in. Was red when I left. The twins agreed her demise was a necessity. She was complicit. Asher had told her what was happening to him once, and she shooed him away, telling him it was a fact of life. The bitch deserved death. But not in the same way her husband did. That was magical.

I sat on the bonnet of my car, the twins on either side of me as was so natural now. Alice's hand was in mine, her head heavy on my shoulder. Asher leaned forward, his eyes rapt as we watched his family home turn to ash at our doing. We were far from it, the house small in the distance, and only the faintest smell of burning wafting over on the wind. We escaped the stifling building before the second bomb, it only exploding when we were halfway over the fence at the property line, racing back to the car. The force of it rattled our bones, but it only made us laugh in joy.

It would take weeks to pick through the ruins and discover the true horrors of what happened in the house tonight, and we'd be far away before they realized any money and valuables were missing. Maybe they never would. It was all ash and rubble now. A place I'd spent so long watching, stalking, learning about the twins, and it was a ruin.

"We should clean up," Alice said as the chaos began to calm, the little dots that were the gawping crowds dissipating as the emergency services mission turned to containment. "I'm covered in… I don't even want to know."

"There're wipes in the medical bag in the trunk," I told her, kissing her head and enjoying the hum of pleasure she released. She was sleepy, her limbs heavy and her words slow. Asher and I were more wired. I could see it in the tension in his muscles, as his eyes never left the scene of destruction a mile or so away. I pecked Alice on the head again, encouraging her to find the energy to get semi-clean, then leaned forward with Asher. Alice groaned and slipped off the bonnet, wandering to the back of the car to pop the trunk. We needed a proper shower, multiple hot, entire bar of soap showers, but a wet wipe to remove the visible blood would have to do for the moment.

"You good?" I asked my brother. He'd been on the same track as me with Dad, never as far, thank fuck, but we'd never talked about it in any depth. The man was dead now, so we could both move on, but Asher had been quiet all the way through the torture. I'd fucking loved it, relished it as all my biggest desires came to fruition. I'd dreamed of destroying that man since I was five years old. Twenty-two long years later and he was gone. Ruined. Tortured at the hands of all his children. I felt settled, the warmth in my chest something new and exciting. A fucking future ahead.

I was so fucking grateful Asher and Alice found me just a second after I tried to end it all. If they hadn't, I would never have had this moment. I would have left them in my destructive wake to pick up the pieces, bury my body in the dirt, and figure out how to move on. Father twisted me up, made me into this dark thing that pushed beyond boundaries. The pain I felt in hurting them again, slipping back into my old ways of torture and rape, had been unbearable. But they pulled me through. They *forgave* me for it, understanding who I was. Who I needed to be to survive. My siblings were incredible.

“Ash?” I insisted when he didn’t reply for a few long minutes. Alice hummed to herself from the back, sounding just as settled as me, just as content with what we’d done and the life we had ahead. But we were one sibling down, one still in need of calming, satisfying. Something was missing for him.

It surprised me when Asher turned to me with wide eyes and panic; the emotions coming out of nowhere from his calm demeanor. “What did we do?” he asked, whispering and hoarse. “We…”

“Burned it all down,” I finished for him, my heart in my throat. What if he... “Everything. Every part of our old lives.”

His brow furrowed. “We can’t go back. We’re dead.” He sucked in a breath. “Dead. We’re dead. Dad, Mom, Ali—”

I grabbed his chin and forced him to look right at me, squeezing his lips so they smushed up. His breathing was heavy, but he was trying to calm it.

“Did you want any of it?” I asked, demanded of him, more like. Alice came up behind Asher as I spoke, her face and hands cleaned of blood, but still caked everywhere else. She looked concerned, her mouth tight, brows drawn together. “Did you? Because I watched you for a long time from the shadows, and you weren’t happy with your life. Were you happy?”

Asher didn’t respond, so I squeezed his jaw even tighter and smacked a kiss onto his lips. “Were you happy?” I asked again, kissed him over and over. “Tell me.”

“I wasn’t,” Alice admitted, standing in front of us now, the last glow of the house fire backlighting her, making her look demonic, beautifully so. “I have nothing to go back for. Friends I’ll miss only a little, a degree I don’t care for… I— I want to go away. Far away. Returning after all this would be so wrong. It would be backwards. Not forwards.”

Her eyes were soft on mine, and we shared a smile. We were on the same page, which shocked me, since I’d hurt her so much worse than I had her brother. But we were more alike than he and I. She had a black pit in her heart, a coldness she could welcome in. He switched off his emotions rather than letting them take over, but he was inherently good. His goodness could eat him up if we didn’t get through to him.

“Asher,” I spoke to him, gesturing for Alice to come closer too. “Tell me what you’ll miss about your old life and I’ll get it for you. Tell me what we can do to make you be okay about what we’ve done and I’ll do it.”

He appeared surprised at my declaration. But I was willing to do anything for him, so he knew how serious I was. How much he meant to me. How much both of them did. My life started the moment they accepted me. His life needed to start anew, too. However he wanted. I had money. Resources. I was theirs.

“I—” he tried to find the words, but tears flooded his eyes and his voice stuttered. “I feel nothing,” he admitted, his words so quiet and full of pain. “Nothing!” he yelled, making Alice flinch back. But I kept my grip on his jaw and forced him to release his truth.

“Tell me,” I demanded.

He ripped himself free of my grasp and jumped to the ground, yanking his dirty t-shirt from his body, revealing his taut stomach. “I don’t feel any shame or guilt or pain for what I’ve done. I— We… we killed two people tonight and I don’t *care.* None of the right emotions are there.” He shoved his pants down, then his boxers, kicking them off with his shoes and socks too. Stood before us, his hard erection jutting out, he spread his arms wide, presenting himself to us, to the world. Every inch of him, naked and sacrificial under the moonlight. Alice and I watched, waited. My cock thickened behind the zipper of my jeans to see him so open, so ragged.

“It turned me on,” he told us, grabbing his cock as if to show us where. “This thing has been hard since you started slicing. What does that make me?” His voice was begging, fraught. “What does that make me?”

Alice stepped forward first, but I was only a moment behind. As I strode to him, I pulled my clothes off, too, not stopping until we were both bare, chest to chest.

“It makes you like us,” I told him, reaching between our bodies to grip both our cocks in my fist, showing him how hard I was too, how depraved. “It makes you like the two most important people in your life.”

His eyes shuttered when I squeezed us, massaging up and down. We were dry, but it didn’t matter. This was a show, a declaration.

“If you hate yourself, then you hate us, too,” I continued, watching as Alice approached him from behind and wrapped her arms around his body, resting her head on his back. “You don’t hate your sister, you love her.”

“Love you both,” he confessed, then sighed when I gathered the droplets of pre-cum from both our slits and smoothed it down our lengths. He loved me. I knew he loved Alice, but hearing how he felt about me awoke a part of my heart I thought would never heal.

“Love you both, too,” Alice’s voice came from behind Asher, and he gasped when she sank to her knees, spreading his ass cheeks apart. I grinned at him, watching his reactions to whatever she was doing.

As Asher’s eyes never strayed from mine, I spoke, still jerking both our cocks. “You’re like us, that’s all. We’re perfect together. We’ve all fucked each other up. I’m missing an eye because of our sister. She’s still got a marked pussy from me. You helped me fuck her in the ass when she couldn’t consent. We’re all assholes, but we’re together. We’re meant to be like this, Asher. He made us this way. And his creations killed him.”

“Fuck…” Asher grunted, and I had to have a look. Alice was devouring his hole, her hand moving between her legs as she worked our brother to the brink. “I… I know that now,” Asher carried on, his mind wandering between confessions and the sensations Alice forced on his ass. “I know. We’re the same. It’s us. All us. Please, fuck…”

I fell to my knees and sucked his cock into my mouth, drawing the head to the back of my throat in one delicious swoop. He was warm and heavy on my tongue, already so full, so ready to blow. I reached for Alice’s hand as we took our brother to oblivion, and she squeezed tight, ran her thumb over mine in a sign of affection. A promise that she was right there with us. That this was monumental.

Asher came down my throat only moments later, and I swallowed it all down, relishing in how he tasted, how his body convulsed and moved between us. Fuck, he hadn’t been lying about being desperate.

He collapsed to the ground between us, his knees digging into the wet grass with ours, and grabbed both our hands so we were in a circle, connected palm to palm. The fire in the distance was just an orange blot as the sun worked its way over the horizon. It meant nothing now. The new day was starting, all the shit of our past left in the dark.

“I don’t care how fucked up this is. That was what I realized in the house. I don’t care. I should care that we did something so depraved, but I don’t.” Asher looked awake, renewed like he’d had a fucking rebirth when he filled my neck with his cum.

Alice was smiling, and I couldn’t help but grin, too. He was right. As long as we had each other, nothing else mattered. We were all fucked up. But fucked up together was better than sad and alone.

FOOTAGE OF THE MANSION burning down played out in dramatic fashion on the news for over two weeks before dying down. It picked up again when investigators found the bodies of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, tycoon and heiress, American wonder couple. And once more, when we released all the footage we had online, all the proof we had of Father's dirty businesses and sick urges. Airing their filthy laundry was almost as satisfying as shoving his body parts up his ass and hearing him scream for mercy.

Almost.

The twins agreed to die, as planned. There was a passing moment when Alice considered revealing it was all a deception and chasing after the family money, but I had enough for us to survive, and we'd stolen plenty to keep going before we settled somewhere new. The footage of the twins' death played out on every social media channel, repeated and shared over and over as everyone relived the horror at Father's reaction. It was perfect. He fell even further on the world stage, hated and talked about for only the bad things he'd done - which were many. Crime shows discussed him, forums popped up theorizing about what happened. Asher enjoyed looking at them the most, often sharing the most outlandish theories. Some were shockingly close to the truth.

But the twins' bodies would never be found, and we could move on.

Father's businesses tanked, both the legal and illegal sides. Other men and women got caught and charged with a shopping list of crimes, and the world ground to a halt for a moment. It was a glorious thing to watch from the safety of the woods, everything I ever hoped for. His brother disappeared, but the twins didn't have much to say about him.

"This was the first time nothing was mentioned about Dad," Alice noted, switching the TV off after the evening news finished. It was the big moment we'd been waiting for, the tide turning. The world forgetting. Moving on.

We'd holed up back in my house to wait out the media storm before slipping away to start our new lives, and we were all packed, ready to go. Just awaiting a sign.

“Only some shit about a politician in New Mexico and a scabies epidemic in local high schools,” she said with a shudder. “The world’s churned over.” She smiled.

Asher leaned into her, nuzzled her hair, grinning wide. She was in the middle of us for a change. We’d fucked her in both holes at the same time, then collapsed on the sofa with a bowl of popcorn and the last of my beer. We were sticky, naked, and satisfied. More so now.

“I guess the time has come,” Asher whispered, looking up at me. There was no questioning in his eyes, only excitement.

I matched it. We were ready. This cabin held good memories now, but the walls stank of the bad, too. The torture, the pain and terror. We’d chosen a run-down house in northern California as our first place. Asher wanted to surf, and I wanted to see him peel himself out of a sandy wetsuit. All that remained was all of us being ready. “Let’s get the fuck out of here.”

“Let’s,” Alice added.

Asher and I leaned into her and we kissed her, the remnants of semen and pussy on our tongues, mixing with the popcorn we’d just eaten. We kissed each other deep, mouths smashing and throats groaning. We were so fucking ready for the rest of our lives.

OceanofPDF.com

Epilogue

Asher

FIVE YEARS LATER

We had our slice of the world. Not a private island or a large stretch of land far from any civilization. We still had to deal with others, pretend we weren't siblings, that we weren't all in love. But it was still ours, still hard to find unless you knew where to look. It was a place we were free to be ourselves, love each other as we wanted. In the nearest town, Alice and Hunter were a couple, and I was their friend, their handyman, fixing up the house even though it was something we all did. Because they looked slightly less alike, it made the most sense.

No one came out here to see, so it wasn't a massive concern, but Alice didn't want anyone getting suspicious, asking questions. Our life was good. Moving from here would hurt us all. It had taken a while for us to settle, to get used to the new lifestyle, but now I couldn't imagine anything different.

We hadn't lasted long in Northern Cali, relocating within a month after I found surfing too fucking hard and we almost got recognized by some internet sleuths with keen eyes and a death wish. We were dead, and that couldn't change. There couldn't be any suspicions. Despite dying our hair, changing our appearances as much as possible, and keeping a low-profile, we didn't feel safe somewhere so public. The house on the beach had

neighbors on either side, people walking past. We moved before the lease ran out.

Then came the mountains, but it was too cold for Alice. I loved it, the chill in the air and the views stretching out for miles, but when Hunter and I got stuck on a treacherous road because of the snow, and almost froze to fucking death, we decided Alice was right and continued our search. As long as we were together, it didn't matter. In every place we tried, we were fucking like rabbits, pouring our hearts out in between.

We turned a corner when we found an old ranch house in the desert that had been languishing on the market for years. We snapped it up cheap and got to work fixing it up. The money we clawed from the mansion went into rebuilding the foundations of our ranch house, replacing furniture, adding a patio and tall fencing. The three of us worked our asses off, and by the time we were finished, it felt like home. Something we'd built as a trio, no other influence. And watching Hunter, sweaty and grunting in the midday sun, well, that was something else entirely.

We spent the first few years there just existing and thriving, healing. And we had a lot of that to do. Between what we'd done to each other, and what had happened in the past. It took time, online therapy and lots of tears, but shift by shift, we worked through it.

None of us woke experiencing anything other than contentment now. This life was perfect, fulfilling all we needed. Private, but not too far from a town with a grocery store, a cafe, a shitty strip mall. Remote, but not so cold your dick might fall off if you left a window ajar.

I grinned to myself as I strolled out onto the porch with a tray of morning coffees and pastries in my hands, finding my siblings and lovers lounging on the porch chairs, deep in conversation about something unimportant. I nudged the screen door shut to stop the bugs flooding our home and settled with them. They thanked me and took a streaming mug each.

"What you guys chatting about?" I asked, sipping the hot coffee. The sun would be stronger soon, so we took the opportunity to enjoy the fresh air as early as possible. Come 10am, this time of year, we'd burn to a crisp in anything but powerful AC. We all had online jobs that worked to bring in an income, and though it wasn't much, it was all we needed.

"I was just telling Hunter about my tomato research again," Alice said with a smirk. She'd been teasing him about setting up a farm for months now. It was something she wanted as soon as she saw the land, but decided

animals would be too much work. After a too-quick google, she settled on tomatoes, chillis, maybe olives. We listened to her ramble, taunted her about it.

“And I was just telling Alice that she would be shit at growing crops,” Hunter teased back, laughing at her mock-shock. It was the truth, though. We’d watched her kill dozens of house plants over the years. His eye had never recovered. Despite visiting a doctor when we could, he never regained vision in it. Alice and I found his scar rugged, and a good reminder of how everything started. It took him a long time to come to terms with it, but he had.

“Well, maybe you could fucking help,” she griped back, a huge smile on her face.

I threw a pancake at both of them. One hit Alice on the cheek, and Hunter caught his, gnawing on it obnoxiously.

Truth was, Hunter and I had a bunch of tomato plants on their way to us. We’d ordered them a few weeks ago for our upcoming birthday. We’d both done enough research to at least give it a good go, and we were both excited to try. Hunter was building a trellis in the barn out back, and I couldn’t wait for her to see.

“Never,” Hunter said as he chewed, smirking at her when she hopped up in pretend anger.

“You guys are such a pain in my fucking ass,” she grumped, beginning to walk away, yelling over her shoulder. “When I’m making delicious chutneys and salsa, you’ll soon change your damn minds.”

Hunter jumped up, and she shrieked at the sight, running down the porch steps and down onto the dry grass, laughing and giggling.

He chased her and caught her with ease, swooping her up into his arms and kissing her, before throwing her down to the ground, settling above her. “I can be a pain in your ass whenever you want, beautiful girl,” he promised, pretending to fuck her, humping his hips into her as they both laughed and she squirmed.

They continued to laugh and play fight, not letting up until I joined in, diving right into the fold and getting elbows out until I landed hard jabs into both their ribs. Joy radiated between us through our cries of pleasure and pain.

Fuck it all.

This is where I wanted to be. Through everything. All the damage and suffering and despair we started with, through the taboo of our relationship and all the difficulties that came along with it. There was nothing else for me apart from these two people. My siblings. The loves of my life.

No one had ever come looking for us, and we'd been declared officially dead just a week after the fire. The family wealth was distributed to victims of our father's businesses, to charities for survivors of human trafficking and sexual abuse, and Alice and I lay buried in empty graves. Hunter wasn't ever mentioned.

We discussed plans for the future, the sad agreement we would never have children, and the happy decision to just live for ourselves, to experience all the joy and love in the world through each other. Hunter and I underwent matching vasectomies when I turned twenty-five, and we let it go. We were too fucked up to be parents, and that said nothing of how our genetics would mesh.

We knew we were wrong. That Hunter had tied a noose around our necks, roping us into this life of loving the people we shouldn't. But between the three of us, it was just acceptance.

"One of you needs to get your cock in me right now," Alice groaned from beneath the two of us, and fuck, she was going to have to fight me for Hunter's cock. It was pressed against my thigh and so fucking hard already.

Hunter took charge, as he so often did. "Let's go inside before we turn into a puddle of sweat, then I'll make you both feel good."

He carried Alice, and I trailed behind, following them into the house we'd built from the ground up. No shame or secrets between us. Only love.

OceanofPDF.com

Afterword

Thank you for reading! I hope that wasn't too heavy for you and you enjoyed the siblings' journey to their HEA. If you're feeling generous, it would mean the world to me if you could leave a review wherever you like to review. It's SO important for indie authors to gather real reviews.

If you'd like to see some more of my work, I also write slightly less taboo (but not by much) under S.B. Hazel. They are all full of kink and smut, from femdom (Collared) to watersports MMF (Golden).

Sign up to my newsletter or follow S.B. Hazel on Instagram if you'd like to hear about my releases first!

Love and smut!

Hazel

OceanofPDF.com

Acknowledgements

A quick, sincere thank you to the four amazing people who read this story first – you gave me the confidence to publish it! Jennifer DeSantis, Alisha Reynolds, Gina Hejtmanek, Ashley Bolan, and Kay, you're the absolute best.

OceanofPDF.com

Also by Hazel

S.B. Hazel

Taboo Novels (not blood)

Free Fall
a dad's best friend, age gap novel
(read Puppeteer first)

Novellas

Playing the Teacher
an age gap, student/teacher erotica novella
Golden
a piss play, MMF erotica novella
Will See You Now
a doctor/patient erotica novella
Collared
a femdom, puppy play novella
Puppeteer
a Halloween, dad's best friend masked MMC novella
Frayed
an FFM, hurt/comfort novella.
A Christmas Glory
an MF glory hole christmas novella

OceanofPDF.com